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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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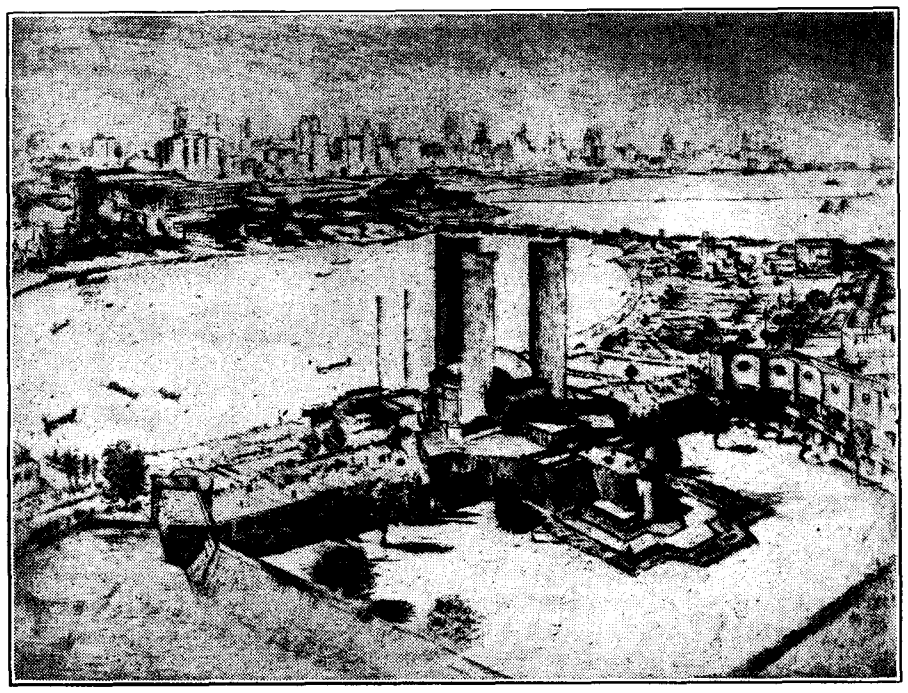

THE FEDERAL BUILDING AND FAIR GROUNDS, CHICAGO—Etching by Anton Schutz

Back to the Land

STRANGER'S RETURN. By Phil Stong. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1933. $2.00.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

PITY the poor farmer! But not Phil Stong's farmer with his bursting granaries and corncribs, his fat fields, his lavish meals of roast duck and heaped platters of vegetables, topped off with salads and blueberry pie, his harvest festivals with the farmhands eating to repletion to the accompaniment of boisterous hazing, his drowsy, hot Iowa summers, and winters filled with the plenty the summer has yielded. There is no want on Grandpa Storr's farm, no need for governmental largesse, but good eating, and comfortable living, and neighbors about who seem also to enjoy prosperity. This is the American farm as we like to visualize it, as doubtless it still exists in various sections of the country. Mr. Stong has an admirable knack for conveying its external characteristics and for creating the slow but busy tempo of its days. He has a gusto in writing of it that brings his farm world to reality and a humor that prevents his portrayal from sliding off into the dithyrambic.

Anyone who has read "State Fair" will know that Mr. Stong can be counted on to write with briskness and conciseness. Here, as in that earlier book, his story is brief, compact, economical of incident. It is the account of the return to the farm of the daughter of Grandpa Storr's disinherited son, of the attempt on the part of the niece and the stepdaughter who had hitherto held sway in his household to prevent her gaining ascendancy there, of Louise's love for a neighboring farmer and of her renunciation of that love because of loyalty to his wife, and of Grandpa Storr's routing of her enemies and rewarding of herself. There is nothing, it will be seen, novel in the tale, but it has the tang of the soil, and the same freshness and vivacity which made "State Fair" delightful. There is a homeliness to the depiction of domestic routine on the farm which awakes whatever atavistic tendencies one may have for country life, and whenever Grandpa Storr or his hired man, Simon, are on the scene, there is humor, and at times even hilarity. Mr. Stong, too, has shown considerable adroitness in de-

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Pearl S. Buck and The Chinese Peasant

THE FIRST WIFE AND OTHER STORIES. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

IT is a natural question that Americans ask: "Is Pearl Buck authentic? Does she speak truthfully?" That question can be easily answered by one who has long lived in China, for either her novels or for this volume of fugitive pieces. Mrs. Buck writes truthfully of a China that is little known to many who have dwelt in China's large, secure treaty ports. The Chinese peasants she knows, even as though she were one of them, the pains and tribulations of the Chinese women she understands, for she has listened to their daily conversation since childhood. The hopes of the young Chinese revolutionist, even the Chinese Communist, are, however, not her meat, for apparently she has devoted herself too much to their opponents. Yet, even of these she writes with unerring sympathy.

But not as though she were of their people, for they would not tell her stories, not in a foreign language. They would rather paint all pictures with the beauty of Tang artists. Except for a few Chinese critics such as Hu Shih and Lin Yu-tang, everything in China is perfect, everything except the few things that the Westerners have brought to this country. Pearl Buck's real worth is that she is wholly realistic, more realistic perhaps than she would like to be if she could help it. But she writes more truthfully of the China she knows than of the political China, which apparently is not her world, but which she often discusses in her speeches and drags into her stories like some exotic matter which does not belong in her simpler environments.

Any appraisal of Mrs. Buck's work must recognize that she is essentially a novelist writing of simple country people among whom she has lived. When, whether for the purpose of her story or to help China, she goes beyond the village and farmland, the naturalness which breathes life into her usual style gives way to something synthetic. Pearl Buck, the novelist, has written for the emotions; Mrs. Buck, the

(*Continued on page* 689)

All's Fair in Chicago*

BY BURTON RASCOE

SO many visitors to Chicago have felt the same thing, that my own experience on getting off the train at the La Salle Street station cannot be idiosyncratic. I have always felt somewhat as if I were in the dynamo room of a huge hydro-electric plant. The atmosphere seems charged with energy. There are overtones of the elevated trains in the loop and the traffic of the streets to account for some of this; but there is also an undertone that is ominous, monotonous, and rather terrifying.

Even after ten years' residence in Chicago I cannot go back there without a feeling of being dwarfed by the huge, machinelike impersonality of the city, no matter how many friends greet me at the station and no matter how warm is the hospitality I encounter. One does not have that apprehension of submerged personality in any other city in America. New York seems languid, leisurely, and subdued in comparison; Boston like a quiet New England village; Detroit like a boom town, and Philadelphia like an overgrown suburb.

People in Chicago are, by ordinary, high-strung and excited; they walk at a rapid pace; their talk has an intensity about it; their actions are often spectacular. The swearing of "Hell-and-Maria" Charley Dawes; the machine-gun assassinations of the rival bootleggers; the theatrical exploits of the automobile bandits and kidnappers; the spectacle of Big Bill Thompson, "Hinky Dink," and "Bathhouse John"; the quick rise of the University of Chicago from a one-building Baptist college to one of the best endowed and best staffed universities in the world, presided over by a thirty-six-year-old law school graduate; the first "skyscraper" in the world; the Wheat Pit; the project of the waterways-to-the-Gulf; Clarence Darrow, the Nobel prize winners in physics at the University of Chicago, George Ade, John T. McCutcheon, the old Whitechapel club, the "longest bar in the world," the ferris wheel at the World's Columbian exposition, the Field Museum (next to the Parthenon perhaps the most austerely beautiful work of architecture anywhere), the Art Institute with its magnificent El Greco; Mary Garden and Jane Addams; the newspaper that does not hesitate to call itself "the World's Greatest"—these and many other manifestations of an abiding and diversified energy are, I like to think, all of a piece.

It is my private theory (not as yet substantiated by any medical authority, I must hasten to add) that nearly all Chicagoans are hyperthyroid. On my first visit to Chicago I was struck by the number of young women who showed signs, more or less prominent, of goitre. It is a known fact that the air of Chicago is deficient in iodine, because the huge fresh water lake adjacent to the city absorbs it. Iodine deficiency, according to medical authorities, overdevelops the thyroid. And a hyperthyroid person has an excess of nervous energy, unless the thyroid is wholly abnormal. Iodine deficiency then may account for the spirit of Chicago's resolute and defiant motto, "I Will," and for the phoenix-like ability of the city to emerge triumphant and undepressed from the most astounding catastrophes—massacres and desolating fires, panics, bankruptcy, and Bill Thompson.

Chicago, indeed, seems to gain new energy from disaster and it is in line with the intrepidity of that astonishing city that in the midst of city and county insolvency, with teachers and police unpaid for months on end, a series of disastrous bank failures, and the fourth year of a world-wide depression, Chicago should go through with its international exposition called "A Century of Progress." Chicago, metaphorically threadbare and flat on its back, sees no irony in the title of its fair.

To the Chicagoan, whatever the temporary universal indigence may be, there has been a century of progress since the time when in 1833 a few miserable shacks along the south bank of the Chicago River and close to Lake Michigan were incorporated. The story of this century of progress is told in the three books listed above. These books supplement one another.

Milo M. Quaife's book is a scholarly history—the fruit of many years of research—of the settlement of Chicago from the days when two young men, Louis Joliet and Father Jacques Marquette, in 1673 found a number of Indians living in wigwams along about where Wacker Drive is now, down to the incorporation of the village. Henry Justin Smith's book begins with the incorporation of the village and pursues its tumultuous and exciting history down to the present time, giving due consideration to the individual civic leaders and industry builders, and not omitting the more disreputable incidents of Chicago's emerging from a small army post into a wild and wooly frontier town, an El Dorado for speculators, gamblers, and unregenerates generally, and thence into a great railway center, a terminal

* *CHICAGO'S GREAT CENTURY. By Henry Justin Smith. Chicago: Consolidated Publishers, Inc.* 1933. $1.

CHECAGOU. By Milo M. Quaife. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1933. $1.

AS OTHERS SEE CHICAGO. Compiled and edited by Bessie Louise Pierce. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1933. $3.

This Week

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS
Edited by CHARLES A. BEARD
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AT JOHN MURRAY'S
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THE SECRET OF LAUGHTER
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FIFTY POETS: AN ANTHOLOGY
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THE LIFE OF MOSES COIT TYLER
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Reviewed by Henry Steele Commager

YACHTS UNDER SAIL
By ALFRED F. LOOMIS
Reviewed by Robert Keith Leavitt

INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION
By HERBERT VON BECKERATH
Reviewed by Fabian Franklin

NOTES WITH A YELLOW PEN: XI
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

EDMUND BURKE
By PADRAIC COLUM

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and division point between East and West, and a rapidly expanding industrial city ("hog-butcher to the world," in Carl Sandburg's phrase) and thence into the commanding metropolis it now is—a metropolis which many visitors to the city, no less than do Chicagoans themselves, believe will some day be the financial, industrial, and cultural capital of the United States, outstripping New York by a considerable margin.

Bessie Louise Pierce's book is an anthology of impressions, diaries, letters, magazine articles, and essays in reference to Chicago, beginning with Father Jacques Marquette's diary entries for the winter of 1674, down to Morris Markey's contemporary journalistic snapshots of various aspects of the city and its citizenry.

Markey was privileged, through the good offices of a Chicago police reporter, to meet a gangster in the gangster's own home. The gangster was Paul Romano. The gangster, no less than the Gold Coast matron, the Rotary Club member, the salaried man, and civic leader, expressed that boastful pride in the city which makes every Chicagoan a little contemptuous of every other city in the world. When Romano heard that Markey was from New York, he said, "New York, eh? Well, I was in New York once. That is a tame town," and a little later, "New York night clubs haven't got class. Chicago, now, they have class."

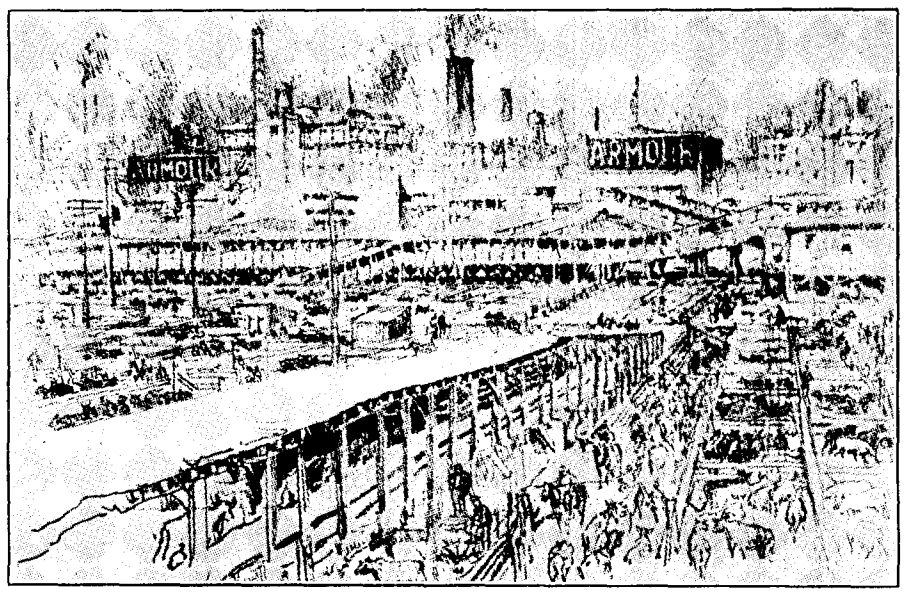
The law-abiding citizen of Chicago refers the New Yorker to Michigan Boulevard and says with the utmost justice and candor, "New York hasn't any street as beautiful as that"; and New York hasn't. The Chicagoan also reminds the New Yorker that New York, surrounded by water, has no free municipal bathing beaches, whereas Chicago has dozens of them stretching along the many miles of Chicago's lake front—beaches open alike to the poor as well as to the rich.

Milo M. Quaife, who is curator of the Burton historical Collection of Detroit, has been digging into the papers and rec-
ls relating to Chicago for twenty-five
ars. He tells us that the word, Chicago,
lerived from the Indian word *Checagou*,
ich means anything "great" or "powerful" and that its application to "wild onion" and "skunk" (usually given as the definitions of "Chicago") merely has reference to the "powerful" attributes of the wild onion and the skunk.

The first permanent settler in Chicago was Jean Baptiste Point Sable, half French, half Negro, whose mother was probably a slave and whose father belonged to the ancient and aristocratic French family of Dandonneau, *dit* Du Sable. Du Sable was a fur-trader come down from Canada, after having prospered in trade with the Indians of the Northwest. He married an Indian woman, acquired considerable property, not only built a well equipped house of his own with a grist mill and livery stable but was responsible for the creation of the famous McKinzie "mansion" occupied by John Kinzie, the trader who was one of the first substantial white citizens of the budding city and one of the few survivors of the Fort Dearborn massacre on August 15, 1812. Details of the building of Fort Dearborn, the massacre (perpetrated by the Indians because of their disappointment over the disposal of stores and liquor at the fort), and of the rebuilding of the fort, are told with dramatic liveliness by Quaife.

The incorporation of the city, Smith relates, occurred when the settlement attained a population of 150; and when the election of the town trustees took place only twenty-eight men were qualified to vote, most of them candidates for office. By 1840 the population had increased to 4,470 and Chicago had had its first execution for murder, when John Stone, a woodchopper, was hanged for the murder of Mrs. Lucretia Thompson—"the first execution for murder in the young city of Chicago," remarks Smith, "destined to see within ninety years an appalling number of murders, and nothing like the convictions commensurate with the crimes."

By 1850, Smith says, Chicago's future was settled by the success of the railroads, the harbor and lake shipping, and the invention of the McCormick harvesting machine. The revolution in agriculture was



CHICAGO STOCKYARDS OF ARMOUR AND CO. IN 1917
From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell (Courtesy of Mrs. Joseph Pennell)

beginning and Chicago was strategically situated not only for the conversion and shipment of farm products of the Middle West to all the towns on the Great Lakes but to become the miller and commission merchant of the central empire of America.

At the same time Chicago acquired, and deserved, its reputation as an extremely wicked city. It had already become a melting-pot and drifters, prostitutes, and criminals of all classes swarmed to the booming city and clustered in the dens along the river front. Burglaries, daylight hold-ups, safe-blowings were common. Riots later broke out over anti-slavery agitation. The city then, as for a long time afterward, was turbulent.

Civic-minded descendants of grim and sober pioneers and their pretty and determined wives who had accepted hardships of pioneer life with courage, made efforts to overcome the lawlessness of the town; revivalists were invited, preachments were made against disorder, vice, and gambling; and the beginnings of refinement were made in the establishment of a theater in which James E. Murdock played Hamlet, Edwin Forrest played Othello, and Junius Brutus Booth played Richard III and Shylock.

One gets the impression from Smith's book that Chicago, like a gambler, has been in alternate states of bankruptcy and prosperity since its beginning. The town had hardly been established by papers of incorporation before it ran a municipal deficit that could not be covered by current tax receipts. The town's effort to borrow money from the State Bank of Illinois were fruitless and it was found necessary to issue scrip. Once the town began to boom, land speculation became wildly extravagant, making fortunes for a few but ending in a collapse which impoverished the city, rendered hundreds of families destitute, and for several years threw the gloom of depression over the citizenry. The Civil War was followed by the great fire of 1871 which reduced practically the entire city to ashes. The "invincible city" as Smith calls it, set bravely to work to rebuild itself; its prosperous citizens pledged themselves to maintain the city's credit; and the city, formerly of "sham and shingles," became a city of brick and mortar. But the fire of 1871 was followed by the panic of 1873 and by another serious fire in 1874.

The 'eighties were comparatively peaceful and exceedingly prosperous, with great department stores opening up, the meat-packing and milling business flourishing, Pullman beginning to build his new railroad sleeping-car, foundries springing up on the South Side and culture beginning to hum, as only Chicago knew how to make it hum. Moreover, as one learns from Smith, the bars, oyster-houses, chop-houses, and beer gardens were of the best and wit and conviviality prevailed in them. There was, for instance, the bar-keep, Joseph Mackin, whose wit was so intelligent and spontaneous that a young and gifted reporter, Finley Peter Dunne, used to sip his beer in silent but fixed attention upon the words of the eminent Mr. Mackin. Soon Mr. Mackin was to emerge as "Mr. Dooley" in a series of probably the most mordant and at the same time most amusing satires ever written by an American.

Smith's book, while crammed with facts and with brief character sketches of the men who have made Chicago, is written with a graceful levity and a sense of humor. Miss Pierce's anthology is an exhaustive one, testifying to the attraction Chicago has always had for visitors, foreign and domestic. Chicago has always been able to take criticism, like disaster, on the chin; and in Miss Pierce's book we find many blows from bumptious foreigners of the sort that denigrate people and communities in exact proportion to their insular ignorance and incredible satisfaction with themselves; but, in the main, these diaries, journals, and magazine articles testify to the curiosity aroused by a city which could deliberately raise itself eight feet by jacking-up all the buildings and filling in, and could stage two world's fairs in the face of depression.

* *

Burton Rascoe, author of "Titans of Literature," was once a Chicago newspaperman, and for a time served as literary editor of The Chicago Tribune.

Fame

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

FAME, a fair girl,
Lies in her bed.
Her room is the goal
To which my feet led.

Thorny the journey,
Long and lorn,
She is fairer
Than woman born.

Fame lies sleeping
And weary am I.
Soft is her breast
Where a man may lie.

Long have I dreamed of her,
Cruel night and day.
I shall look once at her
And go away.

Charles A. Beard's National Inventory

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS. Edited by Charles A. Beard. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS is the kind of book that, at first glance, arouses an involuntary shudder. A machine-made book; a compendium of facts; a we-point-with-pride book, giving the effect of a huge exclamation mark; another survey of the marvels of the nineteenth century, another what-sweeping-changes-since-Andrew Jackson affair—thus we reflect while gingerly fingering it. And the list of contributors provokes a second shudder. Here is Henry Ford himself—or rather Henry Ford *cum* the inescapable Samuel Crowther. Here is Frank O. Lowden on agriculture. Here is William Green on labor. Here, in short, are quite a number of the kind of authors who let their secretaries write articles for them; or what is worse, sometimes *don't* let their secretaries write their articles. And then some of the other names, thoroughly excellent in themselves, have such a hopeless inevitability! There must be an article on invention, and of course we have Mr. Waldemar Kaempffert. On railways, and of course Mr. Edward Hungerford. On architecture, and of course Mr. Fiske Kimball. On banking, and of course we have Mr. H. Parker Willis. Haven't we read all these articles before?

But conquering the successive shudders, we plunge in. And we find much to reward us. We soon become aware that 1833 is about as artificial a starting-point as could well be selected, and that most of the authors tacitly recognize the fact by going back to 1800 or 1776. (Dr. Beard on page one goes back to primitive barbarism and the ancients.) We soon note that whole fields are left out of this survey. Curious that, since Chicago inspired the book, there is no chapter on the progress of settlement and material wealth. There is no chapter on humanitarian progress, an American field if there ever was one. There is no chapter on religious development, perhaps because the editor does not associate it with progress. And while there is a chapter on medicine, sanitation (another American specialty) gets pretty well left out. The reader, as he turns from division to division, must also make allowance for rapid changes in point of view. Mr. Lowden addresses him as if he were a mass-meeting. Dr. Fielding H. Garrison, in treating medicine, catalogues nearly every fact in the medical encyclopædia in compressed form—tularemia bacillus discovered by McCoy in 1912, and so on for thirty pages. Mr. John Erskine, digesting a century of American literature, concentrates so heavily on ideas and tendencies that hardly a discrete fact gets in. But for all its eccentricities the book is a rewarding one.

It is rewarding, to begin with, because some of the articles are really admirable. Dr. Garrison's is one. It actually presents a thorough conspectus of the many and varied achievements of American medicine in an essay that can be read in an hour, and deserves rereading. Jane Addams writes on "The Process of Social Transformation"; there are a good many facts, a good many ideas, and some revealing little stories; but best of all, the paper is full of the rare spirit of Miss Addams herself. It does not assume to tell us a great deal about the past century of social progress. But it breathes a wisdom, which, if many others could learn to share it, would make our next century far easier. Miss Grace Abbott's essay on "The Changing Position of Women" summarizes one of the most complete revolutions of the last hundred years with not only tolerance and understanding, but a cosmopolitan grasp of the subject as it has presented itself in different lands and social environments. Mr. Kaempffert approaches invention as a social manifestation, showing that most great inventions have come to birth almost simultaneously in several different minds and places, as environing conditions became ready for them. Mr. Watson Davis, like Dr. Garrison, has distilled an immense amount of study and even research into a short essay; he manages to treat "Natural Science" in thirty-five pages, bringing into clear relief the distinguished performances, and mentioning a grand list of minor labors.

The book is rewarding, in the second place, because Dr. Beard has gotten a number of his contributors to put a mild critical edge on their work. The mere ideas associated with his name doubtless contributed to this end. Some of the writers work up to self-congratulatory perorations: Mr. Lowden to "mighty triumphs," Dr. Garrison to "we may take pride," Henry Ford to "we have made some very real progress." But in general the authors recognize that progress merely means getting on, after humiliating blunders and cowardices, to a part-way house. Some of them would subject the very word "progress" to the ruthless examination Dr. Beard gives it in his preliminary essay; though he and all the others believe in its reality. Some of them think, with Dr. Erskine, that democratic progress is a special and somewhat plodding kind of progress; a progress that does not often reach the heights, but that does bring up the mass. The general note of the book is as full of humility as Dr.

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Beard's own final paragraph in his excellent paper on "Government and Law":

> So the citizen of the present era may look upon problems still unsolved—lynching a disgrace to the nation, crime widespread and shocking, corruption breaking forth with baffling virulence, periodical industrial crises bringing poverty and misery in their train, vast areas of rural and urban slums. . . . religious intolerance stirred by partisan angers, incompetence still present in government and economy, preparations for wars notwithstanding the pledges of the Kellogg peace pact, vulgarity standardized and worshipped on a national scale, and American civilization challenged as the apotheosis of materialism. And yet seeing these things, with open eyes, without extenuation or illusions, and recalling the noblest triumphs of the past, he may look forward with confidence, trusting that the nation which has carried its destiny thus far through the years will rouse itself, gird its loins, summon its powers of creative imagination, and advance inexorably upon the future. . . .

The future, at any rate, will advance inexorably on *us*. Dr. Beard's stock-taking, a useful work of reference to some, a handbook for the Exposition to others, will be most valuable if it teaches readers to face this future more intelligently.

Allan Nevins, Pulitzer Prize winner, is now editing the letters of Grover Cleveland for Fall publication.

Days of the Queen

AT JOHN MURRAY'S: RECORDS OF A LITERARY CIRCLE. By George Paston. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1933.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

THROUGH this record of a rough hundred and fifty years of publishing there troop the men who believed in England, in England's wars, in England's might. The house of John Murray was tied up with the *Quarterly* which, so savage and tartarly, killed John Keats, and the *Quarterly* was Tory, with all the consistency of real conviction. Similarly with the house of Murray, particularly so when John Murray III was in the editor's chair through the high Victorian years. Mr. George Paston, though he has no explicit point of view about the policy of the firm of John Murray, accepts the deeds, the decisions, the publications, of the house at face value; he simply presents letters, scraps of remembered conversation, bits of anecdote, as a Victorian publisher's reader would have unconsciously presented them. The whole ensemble lacks the independent life that a strongly prejudiced philosophical character such as Thomas Beer might give a similar publisher's chronicle, dipping it perforce in one strong coloring tincture, but the parts are galvanic in their own right. Obliquely, but steadily, we are treated in these pages to a review of the great days of England as they must have appeared to those who thought little of "whither."

The items about authors are interesting in themselves. John Murray III published a Home and Colonial Library, to entice the shillings of the new bourgeosie growing rich as England became veined with railroads. It so happened that Herman Melville's "Typee" and "Omoo" were included in this library; but a section of the Victorian public found the books of the American "offensive to morals or good taste." John Murray did not publish "Moby Dick"; he refused to have any truck with fiction, and, unlike his father, who had made a small fortune publishing Byron in the Regency days, he also frowned on poetry. Travel, history, and serious literature were the Murray staples during the reign of the Queen.

One can watch the long-term fluctuations of the publishing business in this absorbing chronicle as one watches the pulse beats of a chicken's heart in a culture. In the hungry 'forties, days of the Chartist agitation, literature suffers—although "Jane Eyre" and "Vanity Fair" are published (not by Murray) and reviewed in Lockhart's *Quarterly*. The Crimean War comes and goes; John Forster writes his biographies; Disraeli's budget is ridiculed after Gladstone's speech. It is all very pleasant, leisurely gossip of small beer, this "At John Murray's."

Why We Snarl at Our Friends

THE SECRET OF LAUGHTER. By Anthony M. Ludovici. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $1.75.

Reviewed by MAX EASTMAN

ABOUT once every twenty-five years somebody with an inferiority complex and a poor sense of humor has to rise up and announce that all laughter is egotistical and malicious. This has nothing to do with scientific progress; it is a mere diversion of the literary mind at its worst. Scientifically all these attempts to explain laughter away—to explain comic feeling by saying that it is something else—have been demoded and irrelevant ever since the Austrian psychologist, Theodor Lipps, pointed out that "the feeling of the comic is a feeling of the comic *und weiter nichts*."

Did the reader ever enjoy a feeling of sudden glory? Did he ever enjoy a comic feeling? If so, he knows without further argument that the comic is not a feeling of sudden glory.

Hobbes himself, inventor of that intriguing phrase, "sudden glory," was born scared and went through life in a state of timorous diffidence which quite explains his overvaluing the derisive aspects of laughter. And Mr. Ludovici, the author of this latest defense of the derision theory, has somewhat the same type of mind, as appears in the fact that he thinks a joke is funnier in a foreign language than it is in his own—and this because of the "glory" involved in being able to understand it. No connoisseur in the flavors of comic emotion could possibly concur in this opinion. In a foreign language the very subtlest bouquets of this emotion are of necessity usually lacking. That Mr. Ludovici enjoys in a pun a feeling of personal triumph in the degrading of a noble word—and that even when he has not himself had the prowess to do the degrading, but merely listened to it—is further evidence of this trait of character.

I permit myself this *ad hominem* argument against Mr. Ludovici because he has employed a far shabbier mode of argument against me. In his second and third chapters he has given the gist of some fifty different theories of humor, all the way from Plato to Dr. Wrench. In these chapters he has thoughtfully refrained from summarizing my theory as presented in Part I of my book on the "Sense of Humor." There would be no crime in this, had he been so kind as to ignore me entirely. But in a subsequent chapter he wades heartily into my Part II—which is a criticism of other theories from the standpoint of mine—and attempts to make me appear "hopelessly muddled and incoherent" in a way which would be impossible had he presented even the scantest glimpse of my own theory.

The good thing about his book on "The Secret of Laughter" is his questioning of the healthiness and rightness of the too universal resort to laughter in these days, the ubiquitousness of the mood of humor, and the extravagant praise of it. He sees in this a sign that something is the matter with our serious life, and his book takes the form of a warning. In that I think he is right. When people try to extend the play attitude beyond its natural limits, their jokes are flippant or facetious, their humor rings false to a sound critic, there is something the matter with them. The essence of their malady, however, is not a proneness to snarling and showing of teeth, which would be a taking of life almost too seriously, but an excessive and too frequent resort to the play attitude—a sliding over the surface of life. The play attitude is the crucial thing here as elsewhere. Nobody who ignores it can possibly contribute to the scientific understanding of humor.

Mr. Ludovici makes some show of biological grounding by pointing out that the act of laughter reveals the teeth. He asserts that if instead of the word "laugh" we always use the words "show teeth," we shall find that this "explains everything." He then proceeds to remark that "animals show teeth, that is to say, they make a deliberate display of teeth, only when they wish to warn a fellow, a foe, or man, of the danger of pursuing certain tactics too far." This he calls an expression of "superior adaptation"—although the fact is that animals show teeth most often when they are brought into a corner by a power that they fear is superior. A world in which even the animals went around snarling whenever they felt superior would be a snarly world indeed. But at any rate, from this lop-sided assumption about animals Mr. Ludovici reasons that human beings also show their teeth in a somewhat "volatilized, spiritualized" manner in all those situations in which they "find or feel themselves superiorly adapted. . . ." When you realize that Mr. Ludovici is compelled in support of this theory to explain the smile with which we greet a friend as a volatilized snarl due to the fact that "every friend means an access of support, strength and good adaptation," you will see what a fantastic theory it is. Animals snarl at their enemies because they feel better adapted than they, and we snarl at our friends because the very support and strength which they bring us makes us feel well adapted!

The phrase "superior adaptation" is of course so vague—especially when it can be changed at will to "good adaptation"—that it applies to almost any person at any time who is not sick or in some sort of distress. Therefore it is possible for Mr. Ludovici, with only an average amount of casuistry, to show that this condition is present in a majority of the occasions when laughter occurs. It is indeed usually present when play occurs. He neglects to remark that it is also present in the most normal occasions when laughter does not occur—which of course makes his argument, if it can be called an argument, entirely valueless, even were it not founded on the false assumption that animals snarl only when they feel superior.

That Aldous Huxley permits himself to be quoted on Mr. Ludovici's jacket to the effect that his is "the completely satisfying hypothesis" must be put down as one more evidence of the irresponsibility of the modern literary mind.

Max Eastman, who was for several years a member of the department of philosophy at Columbia University, is the author of "The Sense of Humor."

THE JOKE (Etching by Julius Komjáti.—From Fine Prints of the Year, 1932.—Minton, Balch)

Poets' Cafeteria

FIFTY POETS: AN AMERICAN AUTO-ANTHOLOGY. Edited by William Rose Benét. New York: Duffield & Green. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

POETS, declared not the least among them, are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration, but this spangled testimonial does not of itself qualify them as competent self-critics. Self-criticism is as elusive a boon as self-knowledge; in a sense, the mere fact of being a poet is a denial of one's ability ever to acquire it. An occasional practitioner can warm his hands over a sacred flame of his own kindling and also appraise the phenomenon of combustion as exemplified in somebody else's fire; Matthew Arnold elaborated a recipe for translating Homer that is ingenious and convincing until one reaches Arnold's application of his own precepts.

This is the peril which Mr. Benét gallantly courted in asking fifty living American poets (one, Sara Teasdale, has since died) to select the one poem which each would choose to represent him "if posterity could know your work only by one single briefer poem." He requested also a recital of the reasons prompting the selections, and the replies are matters of interest and moment.

Here is an anthology which most of the anthologized have welcomed with heartiness. For Mr. Benét's plan presented them with an opportunity to offer to posterity (and to that much more responsive audience, the immediate forebears of the most proximate posterity) posies of their own culling and arranging in place of the wilted nosegays by which, no fault of theirs, they are celebrated in anthologies assembled by other hands. Louis Untermeyer is not represented by "Caliban in the Coal Mines" ("my 'Melody in F,'" he calls it), or Robert Frost by "Mending Wall," or Edgar Lee Masters by "Anne Rutledge." "I know," declares the compiler himself, "how often they (*i.e.*, poets) marvel that the anthologist selects some particular composition by which to represent them. I know how anthologists continue duplicating the same selections. Certain poems seem to become anthology stereotype. I know, as a poet, what an irritation this can be."

The reasons behind the choices are various. Some selections were made without hesitation; some were born of a laborious indecision, an honest lack of conviction. The plight recalls that general favorite of the anthologists of an earlier generation (who wrote it, and what was it called?) wherein the father and mother of an abundant and not too well fed progeny were faced with the prospect of letting the local capitalist adopt one child of their own choosing at a handsome rental:

> "Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
> I looked at John, John looked at me.

Some admit unqualified predilections but are unable to assign definite reasons, others not only know what they like but know why they like it. Mr. Benét asked each member of the group to append to the reasons for his choice "something concerning the circumstances under which it was written," and the number of poets who chose poems that were created in the Minervan mode is striking.

"Fifty Poets" embraces more than fifty years of creative activity. Here are Edwin Markham and Charles Erskine Scott Wood in their hale eighties, and here is George Dillon in his vivid twenties. The panorama of recent Hesperidean America is here in compact and eloquent compass.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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A List for Revision

Last Winter Van Wyck Brooks put forth a "revised" edition of his dynamic "Ordeal of Mark Twain" that failed, in any important way, to take into account certain suggestions for alteration which, presumably, had great weight behind them, and which at least deserved Mr. Brooks's refutation. For example, Mr. Brooks repeated the statement that when all Europe was alive with prophets, crying out in the name of the human spirit against the oppression of growing industrial exploitation, America, the benighted, slept "the righteous sleep of its own manifest and peculiar destiny." Mr. Brooks had only to think of men like Henry George, Wendell Phillips, or the numerous theoreticians of the Granger movement, to know that he was guilty of overstatement. We had hoped for qualification of pronouncements like this, for "The Ordeal" deserved the best of its author.

Contemplation of the fate of "The Ordeal" leads a reviewer bent upon his fancy to a consideration of how he would have other books rewritten. The list will be haphazard, but the suggestions have been mulled over in the dark insomniac hours brought on by heavy reading. Let us begin with one of this year's Pulitzer Prize winners, the excellent "Grover Cleveland" of Allan Nevins. The contention of the insomniac is that Mr. Nevins has gotten his admiration for the quality of Cleveland's character all mixed up with "eternal principles," the "eternal principles" being those formulated by the Manchester economists a hundred and more years ago. As an historian, Mr. Nevins knows that the Aztecs, for example, did not live by the gospel of Adam Smith; ergo, the adjective "eternal" is malapropos.

Then there is John Strachey's bracing book, "The Coming Struggle for Power." Mr. Strachey excels as logician, but he makes one slip. He tells us there is no hope for parliamentary socialism, inasmuch as parliamentary socialist parties are committed to living off capitalist society, and hence anxious to preserve it. His call is for "revolutionary trade unions." But has it occurred to Mr. Strachey that trade unions, no less than parliamentary parties, live off capitalist trade? Mr. Strachey has called one knot Gordian, when both are Gordian. His revised edition, to satisfy the insomniac, must cut both knots.

Dorothy Dudley's "Forgotten Frontiers: Dreiser and the Land of the Free" needs extensive internal alterations if we are to be pleased. For example, the mystic linking of Dreiser with Robert Frost and William Carlos Williams, whose common denominator quite escapes us, must be logically demonstrated or else dispensed with. The Coty, Black, Starr, and Frost phrases must, too, be eliminated; they do not belong in a book about the author of "Jennie Gerhardt." By now the insomniac's bile is flowing free, and he will proceed to play Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner, at quicker pace. Mark Sullivan (this is stated ex cathedra) must encounter Amos Pinchot's manuscript about the 1912 Progressive Party convention when he revises "Our Times: The War Begins." Sir Arthur Salter's new edition of "Recovery: The Second Effort" must specify, "Recovery of what?" Does he want to "recover" the system that led to a World War in 1914? Sinclair Lewis's new "Ann Vickers" must eradicate the bewildering shifts in auctorial point of view. In "The Liberation of American Literature," V. F. Calverton has bemoaned the "pessimism" which has overtaken many American writers. But if one is truly "liberated," is one not at liberty to be a pessimist? H. G. Wells's "The Bulpington of Blup" argues by implication that the scientific mind will keep us from wars. But who were the men and women to remain pacifist during the last war? Scientists like Bertrand Russell refused to countenance the battle, it is true, but just as many "esthetes" and true believers held out. Items: "esthete" Randolph Bourne, and "pastor" Norman Thomas in this country. And Storm Jameson of England, who has scarified the "scientific" Wells in a novel, is now one of Britain's ardent enlisters against war.

This insomniac could go on and on. He would like Bernard De Voto, for a last example, to explain why the Mississippi steam packet trade, so vicious in competition, was not "pioneering materialism" of the sort which Van Wyck Brooks, Waldo Frank, and Lewis Mumford have complained about. But the column rules are limited. And our taste for authors' blood has at least been satiated for the moment.

Rout of The Soul

It is a noteworthy fact that as interest in economic and international problems has grown, preoccupation with problems of personality has diminished. There has been a marked falling off in the past months in works on the springs of conduct and action. Part of this flagging of interest is due no doubt to the fact that the sensational value of Freudianism and psychoanalysis has been exhausted, and that fashion no longer demands babbling of "complexes" and "inhibitions." But more than this is the fact that the world has become so chaotic, the moment so confusing, that the problems of the individual, at least so far as they are spiritual and not practical, have become less dramatic and less charged with importance for himself than the composite fate of society. A very opposite psychology prevailed during the war years. Then the military necessity demanded the surrender of all initiative on the part of millions of men and the war spirit ironed out differences of opinion. For the time being the problems of society were fused in the common necessity of winning the war; to play freely, the thoughts of men had to turn inward. Then the conflict, which blotted out all independence of social thought, made a generation of explorers of the soul. Now the general confusion has discouraged introspection.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

STRANGER'S RETURN. By PHIL STONG. *Harcourt, Brace.* Life with a difference on an Iowa farm.

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS. Edited by CHARLES BEARD. *Harpers.* A symposium-survey of the 19th century.

THE NAME AND THE NATURE OF POETRY. By A. E. HOUSMAN. A description of poetry.

This Less Recent Book:

THE JOURNEY INWARD. By KURT HEUSER. *Viking.* A romance of physical and spiritual adventure.

"OH, NO, I WORK. I'M A LAYMAN."

To the Editor: *In Defense of the Sentimental Journey*

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

A Preface to Travel

Sir: There is truth in what Mr. Schoonmaker says concerning travel books in your issue of June 17. Publishers should be on guard against errors and omissions in this type of literature. Sentiment and enthusiasm should not be allowed to coat inaccuracies or to stop the gap of omissions. It would be deplorable, however, if publishers should take his criticism so much to heart as to present for purchase to individuals and libraries only the scholarly and guide type of travel book. To strip travel of sentiment is to rob it of its basic urge. It is sentiment which oftenest sends the traveler forth, sentiment which makes him want to write about his experiences, and sentiment which makes the reader want to read even when he knows his chance for travel is nil.

No one but a librarian who deals with all kinds of readers knows the value of an introductory book on any subject. One such book is chosen, and through a synthesis of knowledge, peculiarly the librarian's, another and another, until a whole background is built up, authentic and real, and wide as the interest is wide. When the interest is travel, Laughlin, Green, and others against whom Mr. Schoonmaker lifts his voice, have often successfully played the introductory role. We had a patron, educated and alert, who brushed up on history through Clara Laughlin's books. An outline was made of things missed in history classes as each book was read, and thus motivated history reading followed the travel book. Who can say that Clara Laughlin in this instance had not stimulated creative reading? Sometimes even a mediocre book of travel starts a browser on his reading adventure. By all means give us the fruits of scholarship and research and the reactions of the minds of these scholars in sundry world settings, but leave us the books that lead to them, that make the common reader more aware of the world in which he lives.

MARY J. CAIN,
Reader's Assistant, Public Library.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Planning for Whom?

Sir: It was undoubtedly a slip of Professor Beard's usually learned pen which made him state in his review of Sir Norman Angell's "From Chaos to Control" that "Communists are constantly saying that capitalism cannot plan, although a generation ago they were sure that capitalists were making the social order which labor was merely to 'take over' and operate." The communist position is, I believe, that capitalist countries *can* plan under duress, but the political result is Fascism. The fascist state, despite its "socialist" and "nationalist" pretensions, is simply capitalist planning and control for the benefit of capitalists and their middle-class dependents.

In the second half of his statement Professor Beard confuses the Communist with the Socialist Party creed. There was no separate "Communist Party" a generation ago, and it was precisely on the point: whether capitalism could be taken over by peaceful parliamentary means, on which the left-wing Socialists (of which the Bolsheviks were the Russian representatives) split with the Social Democrats. The difference, therefore, between Sir Norman Angell and the communists is not: whether capitalism can plan, but rather, in whose interests and by whom the planning is to be done. The communist answer of "the dictatorship of the proletariat" may not be convincing, but it is clear and unmistakable.

GEORGE NOVACK.
Provincetown, Mass.

You Do It, Mr. Riesenberg

Sir: The Hundred Best Novels! There's a hatchful of merit for you. List 'em, and you list yourself. It is the easiest way to become mildly known. I have been on one of these lists with a book, so don't set me down as a neglected genius yelping for attention. I admire the list makers, applaud them, and urge them on. But why not a list of The Hundred Worst Novels? *That* would be a list to compile. It would require terrific labor and endurance. A thousand years from now the survivors may find some of the worst novels still going strong.

FELIX RIESENBERG.
New York City.

A Coincidence

Sir: Mr. Morley's article, "Slack Away," which remarked how "agreeably the world is reticulated in longitudes of coincidence," was indeed the occasion of one of the most surprising coincidences I know. Just about one and one-half hours ago I stepped into a United Cigar store near the Rialto and, deciding to indulge myself, I bought a cigar instead of the usual pack of cigarettes. An hour ago I sat down to read the Bowling Green and, as is usual in such cases, forgot that a long-awaited enjoyment still lay in my pocket, wrapped in cellophane. Mr. Morley's article too quickly came to an end, and its last two words ("Robert Burns") brought instantly to my mind the image of the neglected Havana.

So let me thank him for postponing my cigar; for otherwise I should have finished half an hour ago the Robert Burns Panateta that I am still enjoying.

ARTHUR BOCK.
Long Island City, N. Y.

The Unkindest Uncut of All

Sir: Mr. Lincoln Schuster's remarks on Merlin N. Hanson's advocacy of uncut pages bespeaks the pathology of a publisher. "Books are meant to be read," says Mr. Schuster. This view is bigoted and dogmatic. It takes no account of the prestige or decorative functions of sets, in filling shelves. It ignores wholly the collectors who have no intention of reading their first editions.

J. C. LONG.
Bethlehem, Pa.

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A Historian of The Colonial Mind

THE LIFE OF MOSES COIT TYLER. By Howard Mumford Jones. Based Upon an Unpublished Dissertation from the Original Sources by Thomas Edgar Casady. Ann Arbor, Michigan: The University of Michigan Press. 1933.

Reviewed by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

MOSES COIT TYLER is remembered for one monumental work —the four volume "History of American Literature" from the beginnings to 1783. A landmark in the study both of our history and our literature, the History was the finest thing of its kind until the appearance of Parrington's "Main Currents of American Thought." The colonial volumes, published as early as 1878, inaugurated the modern critical study of American literature, and revealed new and valuable sources for the illumination of colonial history. Constructed entirely from a painstaking examination of the sources, and written with a persuasiveness that all but convinced the reader of the intrinsic importance of the subject, the History established new standards of literary criticism and discovered new avenues of approach to an understanding of the colonial mind. Nor has this survey of the period been superseded in any essentials by later scholarship; written over fifty years ago, it still retains such vitality that so recent a student as Angoff devotes himself primarily to deprecating the judgment—never the scholarship—of the learned Tyler.

The two later volumes—called with a significant change of emphasis the "Literary History of the American Revolution" —are of even greater value than those devoted to the earlier period. They presented for the first time a systematic analysis of the controversial literature of the Revolutionary era, and for the first time gave adequate and impartial representation to the Loyalist argument. Tyler was, indeed, chiefly instrumental in the rehabilitation of the Loyalist cause, and it was one of the notable achievements of American historiography. Tyler's work was the first serious examination not only of the literature but of the political theory of the period as a whole, and if it did not penetrate to the economic bases of some of the arguments, it did cut loose completely from the filiopietistic attitude that had so largely obtained up to that time.

It is of particular interest to observe that Tyler anticipated the modern school of literary historians in preferring the social to the esthetic approach to our national literature. Indeed, despite his position as a professor of English literature, Tyler's interests were primarily historical, and, like his successor Parrington, he was interested in literature as it illuminated history. He was one of the pioneers in this country in the study of intellectual history—in attempting to do for America what Ticknor had done for Spain, Brandes for Germany, Taine and Leslie Stephen for England.

> There is but one thing more interesting than the intellectual history of a man [Tyler wrote in his introduction] and that is the intellectual history of a nation . . . It is in written words that this people, from the very beginning, have made the most confidential and explicit record of their minds. It is in these written records therefore that we shall now search for that record.

And Tyler's History is in the best sense a history of the colonial mind—less partisan, as it is less vigorous, than Parrington's.

Mr. Jones's biography of Tyler is based on a study prepared by the late Thomas Casady; the collaboration has been skilfully wrought. Mr. Jones displays here all that literary grace and urbanity which we have come to expect from him, and he has succeeded remarkably well in recreating for us the character of Moses Tyler. It is not so clear that the recreation was justifiable. For all of Mr. Jones's literary skill cannot make Tyler a memorable or an attractive figure, though he may be a significant one. Born in the Land of Steady Habits and brought up on the Michigan frontier, he represented an eternal conflict between the deep-rootedness of Connecticut Calvinism and the rootlessness of the pioneer West. He studied at Yale and at Andover, he began as a Congregational minister and ended as an Episcopalian rector. He aspired to be an orator and a politician, he frittered away years of his youth spreading the gospel of physical culture to England, and while the nation was plunged in the Civil War he who had been an ardent abolitionist was lecturing in England on "American Humor." He taught elocution, he taught English, he edited the Christian Union, he lectured on woman suffrage, he preached, he taught history, he attempted a novel. Not until he was forty did he find himself, and throughout his life he remained uncertain of the correctness of his discovery. He was, as far as we can judge, untouched by the great moral issues of the day, and his judgments of men and issues of his own time were not characterized by the wisdom and discrimination of his interpretation of the past. He will be remembered as one of the founders of the American Historical Association, as a pioneer in the study of intellectual history, and as one of the handful of scholars in this country who have written books that outlasted their own lifetime.

Henry Steele Commager, Professor of History at New York University, is working at present on a biography of Theodore Parker.

Figures in Sail

YACHTS UNDER SAIL. A Collection of 93 Photographs, with Foreword by Alfred F. Loomis. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT KEITH LEAVITT

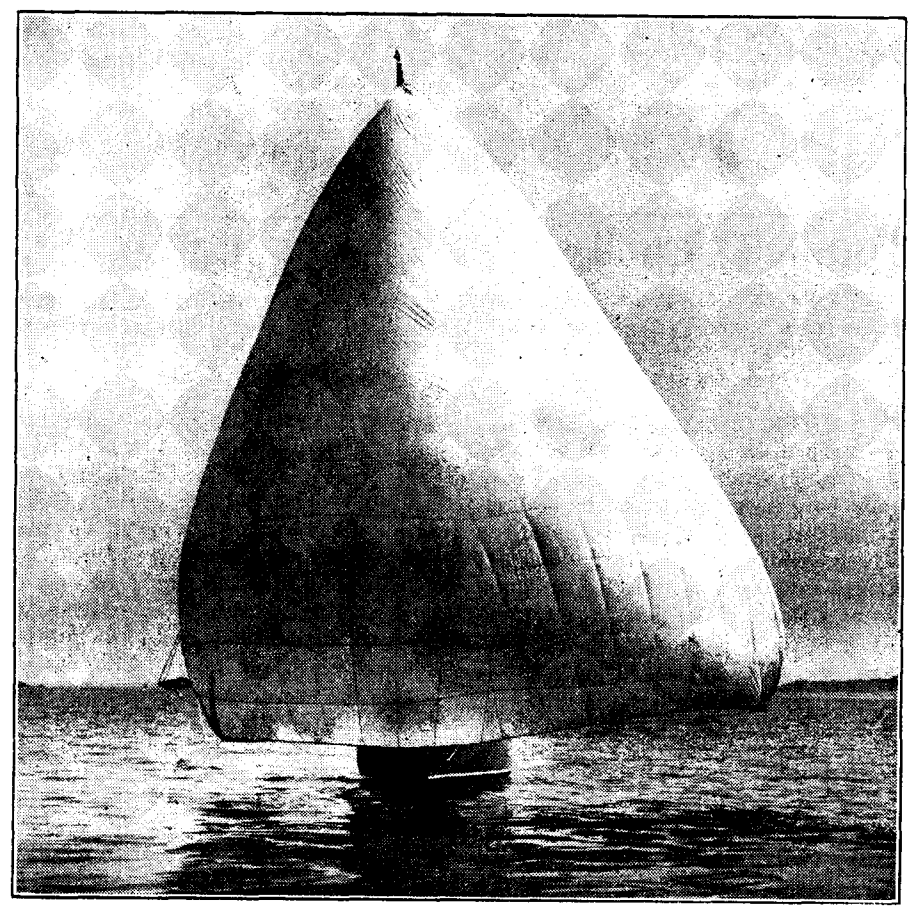
MR. LOOMIS, that indefatigable yachtsman and writer on yachting subjects, has gathered from a score of sources some ninety-three photographs in "an attempt to reproduce pictorially the dramatic action and the intrinsic beauty of the yacht under sail." At the close of a breezy and delightful foreword he alleges that he nearly called the book, "God! What Pictures!"

To the layman that enthusiastic title might have been perhaps a trifle misleading. Most of the pictures do, indeed, justify it, but there are some which, to any but a yachtsman, must seem only so-so. To the real wind-jamming sailor, however (and there are those who would deny the title of yachtsman to any mere motor boatman), every picture in the lot must be full of interest. Most of the pictures are striking; many are downright beautiful; there is not one that does not tell its own story to the man who sails.

There is a generous distribution of pictures among the different classes of yachts. There are the purely racing craft —afternoon racing boats, Mr. Loomis calls them with the deep-water sailor's patronizing air toward racing machines: Wee Scots and Frostbite Dinghies, Fishes, Stars, Atlantics, Interclubs; Victories, 6, 8, and 12 Meters, New York 30's and 40's, and so on up to M's like *Istalena* and *Valiant* and the great international class sloops, *Enterprise, Shamrock, Weetamoe, Yankee, Vanitie,* and *Resolute.* And there are many of that sturdier company, the offshore racers—cruising yachts, able and more-than-willing to race to Bermuda, across the Atlantic or around the famous and violent Fastnet track in England—usually the severest test of all ocean-going yachts. Here, then, are *Elaine,* the 18-footer which sailed single-handed from Sydney to Los Angeles; *Migrant* and *Atlantic,* big three-masters, the latter holder of the record for fastest passage of the Northern Ocean under sail, *Pinta, Nina,* and *Highland Light,* ocean racers all; *Dorade,* winner of the 1932 transatlantic and Fastnet races, *Brilliant, Malabar X, Water Gypsy, Hotspur,* and others, including *Carlsark,* whose owner, the redoubtable Weagant, "was once advised by a tugboat skipper to take his toy boat home and sail it in the bathtub. *Carlsark* had that day returned from a voyage to Greece." Here, too, is the venerable and justly beloved *Jolie Brise,* the English cutter whose custom it is casually to sail over here to race with the local lads whenever there is a brush toward out Bermuda way.

They are shown in all points of sailing, close-reefed and close-hauled in half a gale or more, running free with everything set and drawing in light airs. To the yachtsman every line of these pictures is technically significant, the set of every inch of canvas a matter of critical notice. There are, too, a lot of fine, dramatic pictures: the well-known one of the New York 40's in a squall off Larchmont, *Marilee* carrying away her topmast, *Blue Streak* with her mast just about to break in a 45-mile gale, and *Valiant's* famous dismasting, when her experimental duralmin mast not only went overside, but rammed itself into the mud at the bottom of the ocean and stayed there.

Yachtsmen will find this book interesting personally as well as technically. Many of the best known figures in sail along the eastern seaboard are here to be seen, in informal — sometimes all-too-informal — poses.



THE CUTTER *GOLLIWOG* LOAFS BEHIND THE ULTIMATE IN PARACHUTE SPINNAKERS

Dr. E. J. Dillon, who has recently died at Barcelona at the age of seventy-eight, was a famous foreign correspondent through many stirring years. He had been all over the world, studied at six universities, spoke a variety of languages, and published a number of stimulating books on Russia, Mexico, the Peace Conference, and other kindred subjects.

Pearl S. Buck and The Chinese Peasant

(*Continued from first page*)

political student, does not write for the mind.

In this volume, Pearl Buck has collected pieces which have appeared in various publications. Some of them were written many years ago. The principal story is "The First Wife," almost a novel. It is the story of the relationship between the girl-wife of an arranged marriage and her husband. The husband had sailed for the United States after the wedding to study in an American University. He returns to China to find that, although he has changed, his family has not. He resents his wife. He resents her ignorance. Mrs. Buck describes his inner struggle, the tribulations of his father, mother, and wife, none of whom understands. To Westerners of decent instincts, the husband will appear a brute.

If one were to question Mrs. Buck's accuracy, she surely could point to dozens of her acquaintances in China who would fit her characterizations. The struggle between children and parents over arranged marriages is the most bitter phase of the Social Revolution. It would perhaps startle Americans if they were to learn that most of the Chinese whom they meet here or in China have had to face this problem, that many of them have left wives in their native villages, and that the women who are introduced as wives are regarded by old-fashioned Chinese as concubines. It is rare that a young man can return to the girl he left behind him; yet, many Chinese have solved Mrs. Buck's problems with broad sympathy and understanding. Hu Shih, for instance, was married under circumstances exactly like those of Yuan in Mrs. Buck's story. Yet he taught his wife to read; he has lived with her monogamously, and between them is a deep sympathy which evokes admiration among his friends who understand the difficulties of adjustment which faced both of them. Many Chinese will feel, as Dr. Kiang Kanhu did, that in this picture Mrs. Buck has painted only one side of the face. Yet perhaps that is the function of the novel—to select a phase of life and to paint just that and no more.

The best stories in this volume are the four dealing with the floods. Here Mrs. Buck is in her own world, which she populates with human beings whom she knows and loves. Her artistry is so fine that one can forgive her the bit of chauvinism which she drags across the last page, spoiling a brilliant scene, even as the odor of China's manure ruins a visit to beautiful Soochow.

Father Andrea, the tale of a Catholic priest in interior China, is a gem—surely the best tale in the volume. On the other hand, "The Frill" has no place in this series and might have been left to another author who has lived more among Westerners in China. "Wang Lung" and "The Communist" form the foundation for stories which became, in Mrs. Buck's better style, her justly famous novels. In the present tale, Wang Lung is not altogether understood by the missionary who, at the time this was written, must have been quite antagonistic to the revolutionist. Mrs. Buck, in her matured style, does this type of Chinese more sympathetically.

Richard J. Walsh provides an introduction to this volume which will prove invaluable to Mrs. Buck's many admirers. It furnishes authoritative biographical material, much of it quite autobiographical.

George E. Sokolsky, once adviser to the Nanking government, is the author of "The Tinder Box of Asia," and has lived for many years in China.

Miss Harriet Monroe has received a $5,000 donation from the Carnegie Foundation for her magazine, *Poetry,* which she is now editing for the twenty-second year. According to Horace Gregory, Miss Monroe is busy conducting literary visitors about the fair grounds at the Century of Progress show, whose setting may be visualized by a glimpse at the etching printed on the first page of *The Saturday Review.*

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From Pins to Fords

MODERN INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION. By Herbert von Beckerath. Translated by Robinson Newcomb and Franziska Krebs. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

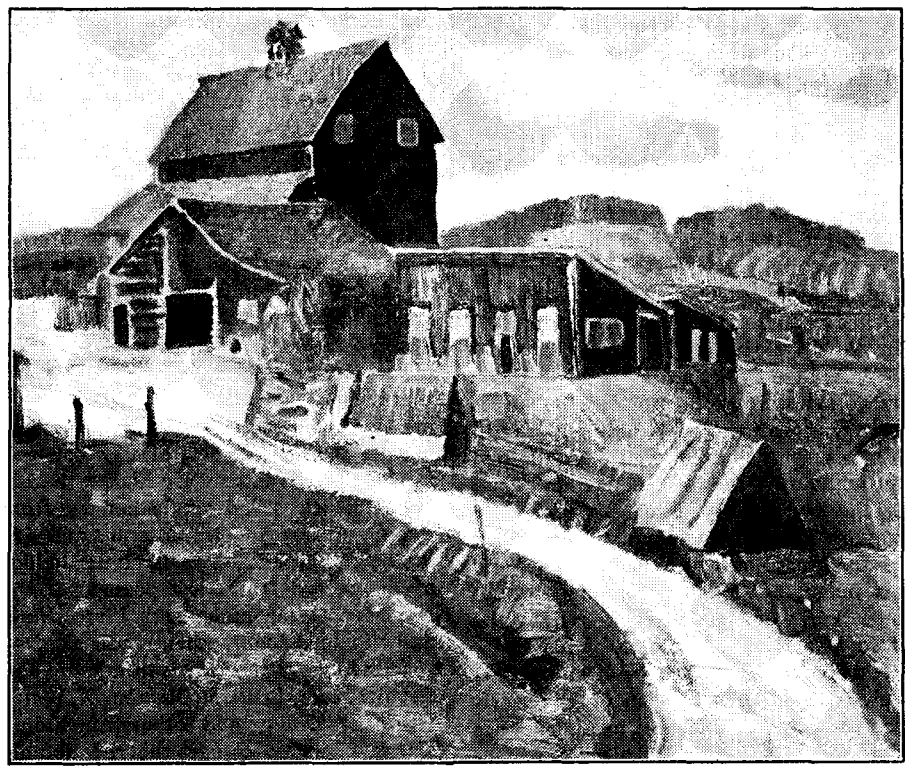
TO any one desiring full information on the chief characteristics of modern industry, on its development out of earlier forms of economic activity, and on the main points of difference presented by its nature in the various leading countries of the world, this book will be extremely valuable. It is a fine example of German thoroughness and German scientific impartiality. It covers an amazing range of subjects; a glance at the table of contents is sufficient to indicate this, and the contents themselves fully bear out the indication. The subject-matter is so accurately and minutely classified that the student, or the reader seriously bent on acquiring sound knowledge, can have no difficulty in finding what he wants.

It must, however, be admitted that the book has the defects as well as the merits of German scholarship; everything is set forth with such scrupulous care that hardly anything stands out impressively as of cardinal significance. To the specialist, or even the special student, this may be no serious drawback; for he may, after thoroughly absorbing the mass of information —and, it is but just to add, of excellent analysis and comment—supply by his own thinking the necessary perspective; but in this attribute of first-rate exposition, so essential for effectiveness with the lay reader, the book is somewhat deficient.

But this is not to say that it is lacking in force, or ever in conciseness. Not only external facts, but also the economic, technological, and psychological *rationale,* and often the ethical aspects, of modern industrial organization are covered with great skill, in a space very moderate when one considers the vast amount and variety of the subject matter. How great that variety is, and how conscientious is the examination to which every phase of the gigantic structure of modern industry is subjected, it is impossible to indicate satisfactorily in a brief space. Out of countless instances, it may be worth while to point to one relating to a matter of interest to everybody. In the chapter on "Influencing Supply and Demand in the Interests of Industry," Professor von Beckerath treats the subject of advertising with a breadth and fairness rare in such discussions. He dwells with deep feeling on the deadening effect upon individual taste of the large-scale advertising that goes with mass production; but he conscientiously adds that the part played by advertising in increasing cost "is often overestimated," and that "it must be remembered that in many respects advertising is doubtless economical" because "it facilitates the task of distribution" and takes the place of a possible "disproportionately extensive commercial activity."

All in all, the book thoroughly deserves the commendation passed upon it by Professor Taussig, in the closing words of his brief introduction: "It is a weighty volume, stimulating in quality and of lasting value." And, although the book was written during boom years, "its value," to quote the translator's preface, "has not been reduced by the changed economic conditions, because the author is concerned with many of the basic economic conflicts which helped to bring the period of prosperity to a close." And indeed the book has a very great and very special timeliness at this juncture in our country, because of the obviously vital bearing of the facts of industrial organization upon the problems with which President Roosevelt's coördinators are about to grapple.

The translation is well done. One error occurs in it which, though of no importance, is curiously interesting. Adam Smith, we are told, demonstrated the economic benefit of division of labor by "the classic example of needle manufacture." The interesting thing about this is not that the translators must have taken *Stecknadel* to mean *needle,* but that the time seems to have come when Adam Smith's "classic example" of the manufacture of pins is no longer familiar to everybody.



IOWA FARM. Painting by Grant Wood

Back to the Land

(*Continued from first page*)

picting the relations between the three women, and conveying, through conversation rather than by statement, the war between them.

But though he has ingenuity in selecting the sort of incident that best sets off his farm background, he lacks the ability, or at least in this book he lacks the ability, to devise a romance that has any originality. His love story is banal in incident and flat in dialogue. In fact, were it not for the setting against which it is projected it would be intolerably dull. His hero and heroine are unconvincing figures, lacking in robustness and distinction, who wake no emotion whatsoever in the reader. To create tension in his story he resorts to a cumbersome and incredible episode, which, even while it is being enacted, leaves little doubt as to its purpose. The finale of this will episode is, to be sure, amusing, and the neat fashion in which Grandpa Storr, though now no longer among his relatives as a living presence, turns the tables on them, is a clever feat of fancy. But though this particular instance of his sardonic humor is credible, it is hard to believe in the incidents which are evidence to his grand-daughter of his forward-reaching satirical purpose.

However, it would be unfair to Mr. Stong's story to leave it without praise of Grandpa Storr himself, a full-flavored personality, sharply individualized and treated with blitheness. Simon, too, has his many moments of being highly entertaining. Mr. Stong's zest is one of his most effective qualities; it comes out at its best in his depiction of these characters. If his plot and his incidental figures were as good as they are and as is his general portrayal of the farm scene, "Stranger's Return" would be very good indeed. As it is, it is not as good a book as Mr. Stong has done before, or will, as it is to be hoped, do again.

Through a Child's Eye

LITTLE FRIEND. By Ernst Lothar. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

FICTION, like man, has been expelled from Eden; it is a guilty thing, condemned to turn its back upon the state of innocence. Its realities are the realities of experience, and it is a sad but obvious comment upon man's first disobedience that in such realities children can only play a minor part. This is Ernst Lothar's great mistake. He has chosen to show us a very complicated human relationship as it appeared to the eyes of a bewildered, innocent, and unhappy child: so that the scene of "Little Friend" is set, not in the mature world where it belongs, but in a mournful backyard of Eden. The result is inevitable failure.

Consider the case of Felicitas Tagman. She is eleven years old. Her mother is a Viennese aristocrat, her father a Viennese Jew, their marriage a marriage of convenience. Tagman's racial desire for a family life is gradually broken down before Frau Tagman's obvious infidelity; he is on the point of divorcing her, and he wants "Feli" to stay with him. "Feli" hears her parents quarrelling, she knows that her father is making up to her, she feels that her beautiful mother is no longer telling her the truth. She discovers her mother and her mother's lover together. She is forced to give witness in a divorce court. And at each stage in the story her confusion grows worse and worse confounded. In the end she attempts to commit suicide; by which device the author brings her parents together again, and the story to a happy conclusion.

This is second-hand reality with a vengeance, this is making a virtue of confusion. And while the Tagman affair, seen through "Feli's" eyes, becomes a very miracle of indirection, the other characters in the story are little better off. They are people from all walks of Viennese life—a "gallery of portraits" as we sometimes say, with mistaken kindness, of a novel that is more wasteful than precise. In this case the portraits are blurred, and the gallery poorly lit, for "Feli" is an indifferent guide to the mysteries of adult life.

I do not mean that Lothar is a bad writer: you will discover many passages of tenderness, humor, and understanding in "Little Friend." I mean rather that he has attempted the impossible. If he had written a study of the child herself—which would have made up in charm what it lacked in importance—that would have been a different matter. But he has not. He has tried to reduce his readers to the stature of a girl of eleven, an undignified and dwindling procedure. He has only himself to blame if we are less gratified than resentful.

* *

George Dangerfield, author of "Bengal Mutiny," is at work on a critical study of some pre-war English literary figures.

The English Novel

FACTS OF FICTION. By Norman Collins. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

THE "Facts" are facts of English fiction almost exclusively, and if the title suggests something dry the title misleads. The survey begins with Richardson and not earlier, because the modern novel is psychological and Richardson is the first psychological novelist. He saw "at least one of the complexities of the female heart, the ideal of chastity," whereas "Defoe saw woman simply as a brave, buxom, jolly body." But Mr. Collins admits that much of modern fiction is based on Defoe's idea, and personally I am glad to hear that it is. I had had the impression that there was a general overlooking of that essential constant in society, namely, brave, jolly people with buxom bodies. He comes down even to contemporary Americans, but his object is chiefly "to show the authors of the past in as much detail as we know those of the present; to show the long romantic spectacle of these men at work as well as the works of these men." And this he really does in a quite magical way. He is as vivid and nearby about Fielding and Smollett as about Lawrence and George Moore. He does not repeat the old things. He starts from scratch. It is possible enough to disagree with him, but it is impossible not to be interested. He is too keen, witty, sagacious, incisive, quotable. He has the gift of putting flesh on dry bones.

In the essay or chapter on Richardson he quotes the long-winded title page of "Pamela," announcing its purpose to cultivate "the principles of Virtue and Religion in the minds of the Youth of both sexes," and to avoid all Images which "tend to enflame the minds they should instruct"; he quotes Pope's opinion, which seems to have been the general one at the time, that the book will "do more good than a volume of sermons"; and he comments: "In the vivid and economical language of our day we should probably express the affecting story of Pamela thus: PRETTY SERVANT GIRL'S AMAZING ALLEGATIONS AGAINST HER WEALTHY EMPLOYER. ASTOUNDING LETTERS HOME NOW PUBLISHED. These terse and accurate headlines tell the story in a dozen words and show the extreme modernity—or, in its essentials, agelessness—of the plot. The plot of his second novel, 'Clarissa,' transcribed into modern headline English, would come to nothing less than: INNOCENT GIRL RAPED IN A HOUSE OF ILL FAME. VICTIM'S DEATH UNNERVES SEDUCER. MORE LETTRES. Both 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa' are races between the Ring and the Rape, and in the better novel it is the Rape that wins. Richardson's claim to be considered the father of psychological fiction is considerable," and he was mainly interested in sex. "His novels may seem antiquated to the point of despair, but they were the forerunners of a popular school of fiction in which someone, usually a woman, is desperately eager to express himself or herself without ever knowing quite what or how or why—novels of suppressed individuality we should call them today."

But the novel after Richardson did not follow this lead, nor that of Fielding and Smollett either. It went into Gothic romance first. Gothic romance, "for all its ghostly gimcrackeries was a highly developed psychological literature," but there was nothing Richardsonian about it. Then the novel fell into the tremendous wake of Scott; and Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, Disraeli, novelists aristocratic, romantic, and so-called realistic, were all as innocent as Scott of sex and psychology in the modern sense.

> It is the word, psychological, and not the thing it describes that is young however. The word entered the language in force about 1870—The modern sympathy with fiction is not so much with the spectacle of life as with the more delectable sensation of living—Within the last generation the novel has tended to change from a record of events into being a record of the causes of events—It is Henry James, the naturalized American, who ends by becoming the typical new English novelist.

The final chapter on "A Few Modern Americans" is not so good, and rather out of place in a book altogether on English novelists, which mentions no American of the nineteenth century except so far as Henry James was an American. It is hardly a history of the English novel since Richardson either, though it covers the ground more or less with the aid of chapters on "The Best of the Second Best," "The Regular Army," and the like. It is mainly, both in space and value, a collection of essays of varying length on the principal figures in the story. The phenomenon of Richardson's inheritors isolated from him by a century has been noted before this. The notable thing about Mr. Collins is that a century's distance seems to blur or diminish no object; it is all vivid and quite near; and secondly, that he writes with such terse vigor and fresh insight as to tempt an enthusiastic reviewer to review him largely by a long string of excellent quotations.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Notes With a Yellow Pen

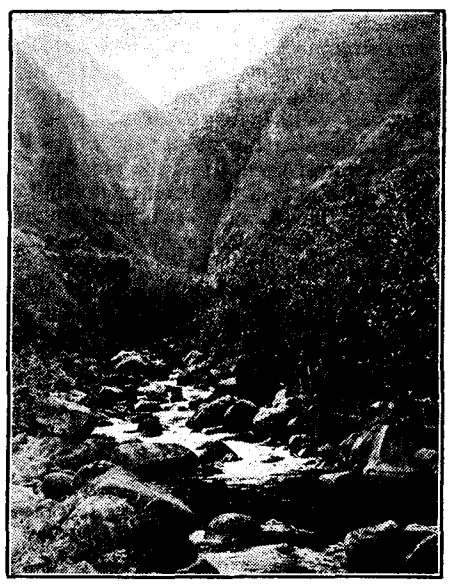
XI. MALIHINI

MY old friend Earl Derr Biggers was much in my mind while I was in Honolulu. I had always taken at least part credit for his emigration to the Islands. Long ago we wrote a farce together; it went very well in its tryout on the road; indeed Earl was so pleased that I remember he kept me awake most of one night, in a hotel in Poughkeepsie, arguing how much we would get for the movie rights. Earl was an experienced hand in those matters and I a green tyro. By the time his sanguine soul had mounted to the sum of 25 thousand I could no longer sleep, and lay fevered with delusions of grandeur. But when we opened in New York we had terrible notices. Earl took one look at them, the morning after, and decided to Get Away From It All. He figured out how much travelling money he could spare, and asked a ticket bureau how far it would take him and his family. It reached to Honolulu, and they started that night. He settled down on the beach at Waikiki —and the first thing Mr. Kimball, hospitable proprietor of the Hotel Halekulani, pointed out to me was the bungalow next door, original of "The House Without a Key." It was good to imagine Earl as having sat there, on the lanai, under his own vine and hau tree, inventing the prosperous phantom of Charlie Chan. So I particularly looked forward to comparing notes with him when I got back to the mainland. He was living in Pasadena; but the one night I had there was the night he died. He was a writer of delicious humor and ingenuity. I still think *The Agony Column* his masterpiece, but I am happy to think that the collapse of our play was at least partly responsible for the existence of Charlie Chan, and for the Island life that gave Biggers so much pleasure.

It was typical of Earl Biggers' shrewd observation that in *The House Without a Key* (the first, I think, of his Charlie Chan stories?) he found opportunity to mention almost all the things that catch the eye and ear of the malihini (new-comer.) The soft little showers ("liquid sunshine"), the lunar rainbow, the night-blooming cereus at Punahou, the many elderly Ford cars, the wide lobby of the Alexander Young Hotel, the rafts anchored off the beach at Waikiki. He doesn't say much about those delightful filling stations and hot doggeries where the lovely little Japanese girls serve the best hamburger sandwich in the world while you sit easily in the car. They slide a long narrow tray, like a large bed-slat, right across the width of the vehicle. How can Earl have ridden so often along Kalakaua Avenue (or is it Kapiolani Boulevard? in that lotus land I never had time to make any notes) and not mention the Blue Bird Dog Stand? There, after a busy evening at the University, Doc Wyman and I always stopped for a final hamburger. (Don't forget that the Islands were discovered by a Cook, and first called the Sandwiches.) Even later than midnight the Japanese, gay as butterflies in their bright kimonos, giggle and grin for the casual comer. Probably the Blue Bird is a more recent venture. But the fundamentals of Island sociology are cunningly woven into Mr. Biggers' novel. (1.) To remember that Hawaii is part of the United States and proud of it. Don't say "When I get back to the States," or address outgoing letters to "U. S. A." (2.) Don't entirely believe the oldtimer who insists that American influence has killed the romance of the Islands. (3.) The cherished memory that Honolulu was a civilization when California was a rude mining camp, and the '49ers sent their children to Punahou to school.

The malihini can add to these, if he hopes to be well received, a few other useful items. The Territory is not one island but eight. Their total area is larger than Connecticut. Honolulu is not on the island of Hawaii, but in Oahu. The whole of Manhattan Island could be put comfortably in the crater of the grand volcano Haleakala ("House of the Sun.") Many people think that would be a good place to put it, but the volcano is extinct.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS. The early missionaries, disturbed by the undulations and exposures of the *hula*, introduced the Mother Hubbard. The Island girls, obeying their unspoiled instinct of beauty, transformed these cotton wrappers into long diaphanous gowns in delicate colors which are far more alluring than the old Leaves of Grass. . . . Among so many exotic trees and flowers on a ranch in Maui there was an extraordinary pleasure in finding the humble dandelion of home. . . . The *hula* gave the New England missionaries much anxiety. As a matter of fact the genuine hula is an illustration of folk lore in bodily gesture: it tells a story, of fishing or hunting or weather, of propitiating the gods or of nuptial approaches. Like every other form of human art it sometimes goes off the deep end, but it must not be judged by its imitations in vaudeville. A scandalized writer in *The Islander* (a vanished weekly published in Honolulu in 1875) remarked that the white man's dances represent "honorable love dramatized in the rhythmic play of saltation." But the Polynesian hula, he groaned, is "the purely sensual idea. Hideous posturing . . . obscene song . . sickening languishment . . . lascivious attitudes."—But to show how poetic the thought behind some of the hulas, there is one that illustrates the origin of the *lei*, the flower garland that Hawaii uses as a symbol of love, congratu-



THE SACRED VALLEY, OAHU

lation or festivity. The *lei*, this dance intimates, was suggested by the rainbows that hover over those twisted mountain ridges. And God himself tried to atone to the mountains for their fiery volcanic tortures by hanging a wreath of colors over them.

The most disbelievable moment that I recall was taking shelter, from a shower of rain, under a banyan tree outside a very beautiful Mormon temple in Oahu. . . The most disconcerting was being driven at dusk, up the trail to the top of Mount Wilson in California. I had supposed that all California roads were wide concrete boulevards. Billy Britton, at the wheel of his huge Buick, was intent upon the gravelly track. But I, sitting on the off side, could see our runningboard occasionally overhang several thousand feet of nothing at all. It's a good way to learn how direct is the nerve-connection between the brain and the stomach. And they actually make you pay money to go up that road. Dr. Hubble and the other astronomers, with their minds on the stars, do it constantly —in smaller cars I hope. . . . The man at the inn at the top of Mount Wilson, when we roused him out of bed to let us stay there overnight (I wouldn't go down that trail in the dark) said cheerfully that there hadn't been an accident on the mountain in twelve years. Then one is long overdue, I said.—The first thing Billy Britton showed me when he came East last month was a newspaper clipping. It had happened.—I don't really know which is more terrifying: driving up that trail when you don't know what to expect, or looking at planets through the 100-inch telescope. We could see the sun-shadow creeping in the craters of the moon. But to the malihini the first glimpse of both Hawaii and California is too complex, too surprising, to venture comments of certainty. Those who know anything about those regions will disregard me.

The head-man of the Samoan workers on a plantation at Laie, on the north end of Oahu, kindly had his troupe of native Samoans do their ceremonial dances. His name is Tautua Tonoai; he said he would like to see it in print. He was a chief of great dignity and bearing.—I wish I knew in full the words (and meaning) of the drinking-catch duet they sing at Japanese tea-houses. It begins with something that sounds like "Chung Keena, Chung Keena"; I got the impression that that is a Nipponese version of the name John Keen?—It ends with the ejaculation "Kobe, Nagasaki, Yokohama, Hoi!" Whereupon the two singers each hold out a hand in one of three positions, which represent a piece of paper, a stone, a pair of scissors. The idea is that paper wraps stone, stone breaks scissors, scissors cuts paper. The loser has to drink saki. The geisha lady comes and plays this game with you if she thinks the drinking isn't going on fast enough.

Things move fast around Los Angeles. It was not long after the serious earthquake of March 10, but at Long Beach, which suffered severely, I saw a big sign BUFFUM'S IS STOREWIDELY AND NORMALLY OPEN. At a corner near the hotel in L. A. there was a street-name on a post; hastened past it by hospitable motorists I only read it flittingly but thought how characteristic of Western vitality. It seemed to say SO LIVE ST. SO ALIVE, I thought to myself, and agreed. Presently I had a chance to examine it; it was S. OLIVE ST.—Cheerful friends at the University Club in L. A. assured me there would be no speaking after lunch but I knew better when I saw three enormous amplifiers at the table. I could not resist suggesting that the three amplifiers are as symbolic of Los Angeles as the three balls are of New York.

On board the *Mariposa* coming back from Honolulu (she has in her library the finest collection of *Everymans* I've ever seen) I somehow got a splatter of pale green paint on one shoe. And as during ten days there never seemed time to get a shine, there it remained. But in arguing with Los Angeles friends as to the relative rapidity of life in New York and in Southern California, I was dismayed to find that they drew a wrong conclusion. I thought I had been hustling about pretty fast. But one of my hosts introduced me to a friend. "Here's a man from New York: they take life so slow their shoes get mildewed."

No memorandum of pleasures on the Coast can omit a word of homage to two veterans of the book trade—Mr. Alex Robertson of San Francisco, Mr. C. C. Parker of Los Angeles. They have seen our humble traffic pass through many phases, and remain gallantly undisturbed. Both have endless kindness to spare for the tenderfoot. I remember that Mr. Parker and I were speaking of the fact that sometimes books that don't make much noise sell the longest. He told me that in his store alone he has sold over 1200 copies of E. V. Lucas's fine anthology *The Open Road*. Perhaps that is also a reminder of California's outdoor tastes. Even in the short time I was around Los Angeles and Hollywood I was aware of a subtle sensation, very strange to the Easterner: the assurance that it would always be a fine day. It's queer to wake in the morning to that warm and comforting sunlight and feel you can count on it.

Town of incredible surprises, Los Angeles. You go home with Jake Zeitlin the bookseller and in his house perched on top of a ravine you find Rabelais with the bookplate *Sum Caroli Whibley* and Walter Pater's copy (in the Bohn edition) of Sir Thomas Browne. You go to Ernest Dawson's, one of the liveliest specialty bookshops in the world, and find that he has no objection whatever to letting some of his staff off early to go for a swim. He himself is an enthusiastic camper and joins mountains and bookshelves on his bookplate.—Along the suburban streets you find automatic ice-depots: you put in 15 cents and out slides a 25-pound block of ice wrapped in brown paper.—At the gardened front door of Warner Brothers' studio at Burbank you see a vista so perfectly celluloid you almost imagine it must have been staged for you. A beautiful blonde

ERNEST DAWSON'S BOOKPLATE

damsel trips out and begins cutting roses and marigolds; another descending from a glittering roadster, walks gently by with an enormous St. Bernard dog. Perhaps one secret of its quality is this: it's a Frontier Town on a vast scale. Not on any primitive frontier, but on the frontier of the arts and ingenuities. It is closer to the edge of the unknown than any other town. That would account equally for its great scientists and its queer religions. And its outdoor advertising emblems, all the weird shapes of roadhouses and markets and gas stations, the pagodas and windmills, the effigies of racing cars, are they not inherited from the Pacific Indian totem poles?

But I'm not going to think about all that yet; I want time for it to settle. You can get used to paradoxes long before you can account for them. Soon you will accept what you see: luxury and flowers in the middle of a desert, as at Palm Springs; rivers without any water in them. And these people are not only creators, but curators too. For perfect preservation, they told me at the Huntington Library, books should be kept at a humidity of 50% and a temperature of 68 to 70 degrees. Perhaps that's true of authors also. And surely one characteristic of living is enthusiasm. It was a Los Angeles advertising man who quoted to me his favorite motto for a book-plate. He found it in Cobden Sanderson's Journal—"Sweet God, souse me in literature."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

ALICE THROUGH THE CELLOPHANE. By E. B. White. New York: The John Day Co. 1933. 25 cents.

This is a vacation tour, recommended to those who are weary of Julius Klein, David Lawrence, Roger Babson, the "brain trust," Walter Lippmann, Stuart Chase, Adam Smith, "supply and demand," "the law of diminishing returns," Karl Marx, and all the practitioners, great and small, of the dismal science which drains into the Great Dismal Swamp. When Alice goes through the cellophane, she discovers that mankind's one trouble is that he has to eat and wear clothes. She recommends getting along on as little as possible, which is easy advice for most of us to take.

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JOSEPHINE HERBST'S

Pity Is Not Enough

Another of the many enthusiastic reviews of this impressive novel (which we have been quoting unstintingly in recommending the book to *Saturday Review* readers): "It is written with that brilliant modern touch that makes its past events appear to have happened but lately, and told with wit and a certain sophistication. One of the best stories of that period (post-Civil War) that has yet been written. I found it more interesting than some of its famous contemporaries."—*Kenneth Horan, Chicago Journal of Commerce.* $2.50

HENDRIK VAN LOON'S

An Indiscreet Itinerary

Van Loon tells all about Holland, his native country, in a delightfully unconventional treatise filled with his own drawings. The *Saturday Review* found it "downright inspiring. In this astonishing little book he packs all the information one needs for a successful trip . . . There is a warmth of feeling, an understanding which makes it much more than a simple travel guide." Ill., $1.00

HARCOURT BRACE & COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, N.Y.

Literature Abroad

FICHE BLIAN A' FAS. By Maurice O'Sullivan. Dublin, Ireland: The Talbot Press. 1933.

Reviewed by MICEAL O'KIERSEY

WHILE Gaelic scholars and writers in Dublin were working under the supervision of a government commission, turning out an ungainly mass of dry text-books and unappetizing translations from the works of foreign authors, Gaelic speakers and those who aimed to become Gaelic speakers found themselves starved for creative literature and were obliged to turn for entertainment and intellectual stimulation to other languages. But while the blue pencils up in Dublin were furiously stabbing at all creative tendencies, a young Gaelic speaker, Maurice O'Sullivan by name, hiding in the obscurity of a policemans' uniform in Connemara, was setting down in his native tongue the story of the first twenty years of his life. His book, published in Gaelic under the title "FicheBlian A' Fas," has already been brought out in an English edition in London, and is to be issued in America soon under the name "Twenty Years Agrowing" by the Viking Press.

Though written in the first person "Fiche Blian A' Fas" is not, strictly speaking, a biographical novel for the author reveals but little of himself. In a simple narration of the events of twenty years O'Sullivan paints a delightful picture of life among the Gaelic-speaking folk on the Blaskets, a small group of islands off the coast of Kerry. He is a born story-teller, with no pretensions to scholarship, and his power lies in his exquisitely free use of the vernacular. Here is no suggestion of any laboring after style or structure and the result falls little short of the perfection of both. It is a book compellingly reminiscent of Peadar O'Donnel's "Islanders."

One wonders how such a book as "Fiche Blian A' Fas" has weathered the hazards of translation. The Gaelic vernacular holds a unique beauty, suggestive of the flow of a mighty river. It is a something that may not be mastered by a timid soul for its candor and virility of expression are startling to a mind nurtured in the conventions and associations of the English-speaking world. In an extraordinarily wealthy vocabulary it combines subtlety and directness to a degree that would furnish no mean inspiration to either Rabelais or Shakespeare. Somebody expressed it very well in a recent article—"The Gaelic speaker has no use for words that come out of the side of the mouth." The simple beauty of the book might be preserved, though much of its subtlety must be lost, in the dialect used by Lady Gregory and brought to perfection by Synge. The dialect represents Irish ideas inadequately clothed in English words and, though its range is limited, its charm is undeniable. Perhaps the most obvious difficulty that confronts the translator is the limitation of vocabulary imposed on him, for the vocabulary of the average English-speaking Irishman is little more than one third that of the average Gaelic speaker.

"Fiche Blian A' Fas" will lead readers the world over to the portals of Tir na nog. But it is from the Irish viewpoint that the book is of paramount importance; for it steps out ahead of the school of Anglo-Irish writers, incidentally issuing a challenge to the recently formed Academy of Irish Letters, the very existence of which is paradoxical. Maurice O'Sullivan takes his place as a storyteller beside Seamus O'Grianna and the late Padraig O'Conaire, and his work cannot but prove a stimulus to the growth of a new Gaelic literature.

Light on Hitlerism

DIE STADT. By Ernst von Salomon. Berlin: E. Rowohlt. 1933.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

ANY dominance of the National Socialist idea in Germany may abolish, or at least obscure and discredit, certain tendencies in contemporary German literature, and it is an interesting question what will take the vacant place. Will National Socialism produce any imaginative literature; will it, instead of the realism, naturalism, expressionism and radicalism which it hates, inspire any new forms of writing, or give an impetus to those writers, already a by no means negligible company before National Socialism attained its triumph, who have been bringing a new spirit into German fiction, poetry and drama? The question cannot be answered yet and it would lead too far to examine all the possibilities, but certainly no consideration of the literary side of National Socialism can leave Ernst von Salomon out of account.

Two years ago, in his "Die Geächteten," of which an English version entitled "The Outlaws" was published, Salomon gave a forceful and vivid first hand picture of the nationalist revolutionary movement. Out of this reaction against internationalism, constitutionalism, and parliamentary democracy, out of this kind of freebooters' campaigning on the Eastern frontiers of Germany, came some of the inspiration which Hitler was to gather up and concentrate in the National Socialist Workers' Party. Herr von Salomon's book was a valuable illustration to a page of German post-war history.

Now he has given us another, not less memorable or important. It may be read as a continuation of "Die Geächteten," for, in the person of its hero, called Ive, it carries on the revelation of the political mind of Young Germany from more or less the point where the earlier book laid it down, and it stops with the death of Ive, killed in a street-battle by the bullets of one of the Government's armed police. That is some time before Herr Hitler succeeded to the Chancellorship, but the preliminaries to that important event are excellently demonstrated here. In fact, in this story—if story it can, strictly, be called—lies the elucidation of much that, to the outsider, may be incomprehensible in the change of German outlook during the past six or eight months.

We have questioned the term "story" as applied to Herr von Salomon's book because the narrative, which is nothing more than an account of the experiences and reflections of Ive and his friends, is all but submerged by the philosophical debates, the political polemic of the various characters to whom the writer introduces his readers. Ive begins by associating himself with the peasant-movement in Schleswig. This movement, which is born of the farmers' despair, is against the "town"; the politicians of the city have been unable to do anything to help the peasant out of the morass into which debts and falling prices have plunged him. A peasant revolution is planned. Its inspiration is distinctly communist, but it is also intensely nationalist; it has that antipathy to the bourgeois state consecrated in the Weimar Constitution which brought the extremes of Left and Right together. Eventually Ive comes to the city; he enters the gates of that old enemy, and within them he will work for the triumph of the revolutionary peasant-idea which he has championed in the provinces. He sets to work with his abundant youthful energy to advocate his cause, both in the press and to those people with whom he now makes contact.

In all this discussion, it should be emphasized, it is the national interest that is placed first by most of the characters. For the principles of Marxism which, it appears, are really those held by the bourgeois Social Democrats against whom both Communists and National Socialists have sworn undying hatred, there seems to be little respect. Much of the political sympathy of this book rests on a keen sense of economic disaster, combined with a realization of the helplessness of the government, but with little consideration of economic doctrine or practice. In fact, although Herr von Salomon's characters talk a great deal and often with great interest, on all kinds of fascinating political problems—Church and State, Federalism versus Centralism, and the like—their hopes and plans seem to owe little to the old kind of party-allegiance. They look for the coming of that "*Drittes Reich*"—that third Empire in which the proletarian triumph shall be combined with the supreme attainment of the national and racial aspirations of Germanism—and the precise means of reaching it are never definitely stated. This is not a fault; it makes all the more vivid to our understanding the effervescence of German nationalist youth in the past four or five years. The ordinary reader of German fiction would probably not be grateful to be recommended to study this book, for, in spite of its exciting incidents, it is discursive to the point of boredom. But no student of recent German politics should fail to read it.

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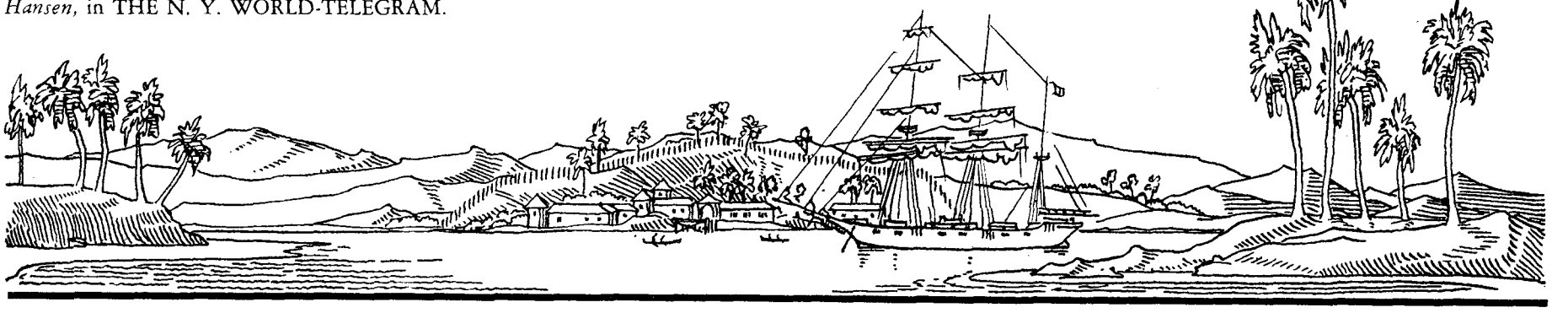

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The AMEN CORNER

We lately dilated upon the classical drama apropos of Gilbert Murray's *Aristophanes. A Study.*[1]

But, as Mr. George N. Shuster reminds us in the *Commonweal*—he is writing about *The Drama of the Medœval Church* by Professor Karl Young of Yale which the Oxford University Press[2] has just published—"when the tradition of classical drama was virtually lost in the early middle ages, the instinct to make plays did not therefore disappear. In all probability a great many people continued to live by acting, and certainly the populace responded eagerly to every kind of make-believe. It was natural that the Church as the heart and center of mediæval life should reflect tendencies present in society; and so what is termed the 'drama of the mediæval Church' was nursed into being. For many years Professor Young has devoted himself to the study of this drama, bringing to the task not only a very great competence but a warm and living interest in the subject-matter. The results of this study are now offered in two large volumes, which are depositories of the texts and accumulations of slowly, carefully written comment. Thus we are given a work of extraordinary interest. . . . The book is clearly and correctly written, and it can be read without attending to the notes and critical remarks, but these possess for the earnest student a worth not easily estimated. They have been written with respect for the traditions of scholarship and with the lucid veracity of a fine mind. It would be a pity if the work as a whole were missing from any library that serves inquirers into the literature of the past."

The volumes contain 24 beautiful plates reproducing early manuscripts, illustrations, etc. They caused us to turn with renewed interest to Sir Edmund Chambers's *The Mediœval Stage*[3] and *The Elizabethan Stage.*[4] The Oxford Press have just brought out *An Introduction to Tudor Drama* by F. S. Boas.[5]

We advise all Little Theatre enthusiasts to get Mr. G. R. Foss's *What the Author Meant,*[6] a book on Shakespeare by an experienced actor and producer, by F. Anstey, which are scheduled for early publication. And don't overlook the plays in our favorite *World's Classics*[7] series.

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An Illustrious Soldier

GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE WARREN. The Life and Letters of an American Soldier 1830-1882. *By Emerson Gifford Taylor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* $5.

Reviewed by MAJOR DONALD ARMSTRONG

EIGHT days before Lee's surrender at Appomatox, Grant relieved a distinguished Major-General from command of the Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac. This officer, whom Stephen Benét calls the "Greek-mouthed Warren," had unquestionably saved the Union forces at Gettysburg. The author of "John Brown's Body" strikingly epitomizes Warren's service in that battle:

Sometimes, and in battle even, a moment comes
When a man with eyes can see a dip in the scales
And, so seeing, reverse a fortune. Warren has eyes
And such a moment comes to him now.

That was in 1863. In the fighting south of Petersburg on April 1, 1865, Warren aroused the antagonism of Sheridan, his temporary commanding officer, and his humiliating and unmerited disgrace followed.

Conscious of duty well done, this soldier immediately demanded a Court of Inquiry, but not until seventeen years later did the War Department appoint a court to investigate the entire affair. The court justified and approved every action of Warren in that last battle, and vindicated his name and honor. But the broken-hearted Warren had died three months earlier, not knowing that his long battle for justice had been completely won.

It is strange that the tragedy of Gouverneur Warren's life has not long since attracted a host of biographers. To rise in the brief space of twenty-six months from second lieutenant to a thirty-three year old Major-General is a sufficiently notable achievement to arouse interest in such a career. At the moment he was made a Corps Commander, he wrote his wife: "So many papers have spoken well of me, that I think it is about time I died and closed my military career. Don't you think so? If I could just get killed in a great and glorious battle in which I took part, I might have a biography."

He has his biography at last. Late it is like his official vindication, but it is all that the unfortunate Warren could have wished. Colonel Taylor makes skilful use of the excellent material for a biography afforded by Warren's loves and hates, his successes and disappointments, and the poignant drama of his long wait for exoneration. The author avails himself of General Warren's diary, his voluminous correspondence, and official documents to spread before us the record of a gallant American soldier. A hard fighter, but always considerate of his men; a loyal northerner, but sympathetic with the problems of the South; contemptuous of politicians on both sides; and looking to a peace of complete reconciliation, Warren's character is found to be noble and generous. He was modest in his triumphs, patient in his afflictions, another "bon chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche."

From time to time in the course of this nation's history, a few soldiers of the regular army emerge from the limbo of the forgotten man, figure prominently for a brief period in strengthening the republic, and then silently return whence they came. One of the best of these was Gouverneur Kemble Warren. Col. Taylor's eminent work rescues this illustrious American soldier from oblivion.

Bedouins and Blacks

CROSSROADS. Translated from the French of Joseph Kessel by William Allen Wolff. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

BLACK MISCHIEF. By Evelyn Waugh. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

BOTH these stories address themselves to the region roundabout the Gulf of Aden, on the edge of the Red Sea—the Frenchman's novel in the mood of high, Byronic romance, the Englishmans' in a sort of suburban-villa twitter, viewing the incredible tropics over the toasted muffins and tea. Azania, the island empire of "Black Mischief," lies just round the corner of Italian Somaliland, between the Gulf of Aden and the Indian Ocean, but it bears a striking resemblance to Abyssinia. Seth, its black monarch, has been to Oxford, and having set himself on the throne shortly after his return from England with a *coup d'état* in which some of his enthusiastic troops inadvertently ate his poor old father, he is determined to introduce into his backward kingdom all the benefits of Civilization and Progress.

And then there is Prudence, the British Minister's daughter, and darling William, the Legation attaché, who kisses her with his eyelashes—"delicious, do it some more"—and Basil Seal, who had known Emperor Seth at Oxford, and Dame Mildred Porch, and a lot of others, native and foreign, and all sorts of queer and outlandish doings, in which now we spoof the English themselves, and now the Azanians, and aim to be quite too screamingly droll. Sometimes we succeed pretty well, for Mr. Waugh is clever and accurate at light dialogue, and in a sort of "goofy," P. G. Wodehouse manner, but in general the determination to be funny is a trifle too apparent.

"Crossroads" is in an altogether different manner. No women here, or at any rate, they cut no figure, but

> new and more serious things. . . . The mystery of a Somali song at night, the sight of Mordhom holding the tiller firm in a storm, the swelling of a mainsail—things mysterious and full of deep meaning. Wind, the sun, hunger, danger. . . . Love, too, some time, perhaps, but a love simplified and chaste, as austere as the life and death of these sleeping men, as deep as that of En-Daïre.

There are three men—Igricheff, son of a Russian aristocrat and a Kirghis chieftan's daughter, who rides the marvellous black stallion, Satan; Mordhom, Breton master of a trading bark; and Lozère, the young Frenchman. All three are of the school of the romantic heroes of the early part of the nineteenth century; hard, handsome, fiery men, tired of civilization, driven ruthlessly onward by some implacable inner force to find unity and peace on mountain tops, the high seas, austere deserts. Boy Scouts *de luxe.* Done just a little differently, and "Crossroads" would plump straight into the vein of "three shots rang out, and three redskins bit the dust"; done solemnly, and with a certain lyric beauty and romantic sincerity, it isn't quite that. But for the adult reader, the deadline will never be very far off.

Mrs. Wharton's Works

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF EDITH WHARTON. By Lavinia Davis. Portland, Maine: The Southworth Press. 1933.

Reviewed by BERTHA COOLIDGE

IN spite of the depression, the enthusiasm for producing bibliographies of living authors continues unabated and Lavinia Davis is the latest recruit to the ranks of authorship. This is the second volume relating to the works of Edith Wharton, the first having been compiled by Lawson McClung Melish in 1927.

Mrs. Davis in her introduction refers to the earlier work and suggests that as regards the matter of collating the American first editions she may be charged with repetition. For her claim to independence she relies upon her check lists (they can hardly be called otherwise) of the English first editions and essays, poems, and stories, which have appeared in magazines and articles commenting on Mrs. Wharton. One might wish that stress had been laid on the French articles by or concerning Mrs. Wharton as well. The latter has the distinction of being one of our few living Americans who have contributed stories and reviews to French periodicals in their mother tongue. The lists, however, show research and are of value. If reliable and complete, they would form the nucleus of an interesting study.

Various inaccuracies, however, give the impression of a hurried printing at least, and although a book of this description can seldom be published without a slip of some sort, those who have themselves struggled through months of meticulous checking and proof reading will recognize portentous signs at once. Something went visibly wrong when twenty-one of the first twenty-five items in the index are listed incorrectly.

It is perhaps to be regretted that the one note which enlivens the solemnity of Mr. Malish's volume (and this reviewer believes in notes) should have been omitted by Mrs. Davis. More especially as it indicates the distinction between first and second issues, the function of a work of this type.

It seems that in the first issue of the first edition of "The Age of Innocence" the following quotation from the burial service appeared on p. 186: "For asmuch as it has pleased Almighty God," etc. This was hastily changed in the second issue to "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together . . ." as being more appropriate. Quotations and dedications are tricky things as Lew Wallace discovered when inscribing "Ben Hur" "To the Wife of my Youth" which was amplified to "who still abides with me" after a deluge of inquiries as to the details of Mrs. Wallace's demise.

We will not discuss the technique of Mrs. Davis's volume. Details of bibliographical method vary, but fundamentals do not and if the author has disregarded some of these, she indicates in her preface that she is a most enthusiastic amateur and her work has been a labor of love.

Mazzini's Visions

MAZZINI: PROPHET OF MODERN EUROPE. By Gwilym O. Griffith. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933.

Reviewed by GAETANO SALVEMINI

DURING the forty years of his apostolate (1832-1872) Mazzini preached the right of every European nation to form a political unit independent of all foreign domination, and the duty of all free nations to unite peaceably in the association of mankind.

The first point has been almost entirely carried out. None can read the pages which Mazzini eighty years ago consecrated to the national problems of Europe without being deeply struck by their prophetic force. Today the political map of Europe coincides almost exactly with Mazzini's visions. Here and there the principle of nationality is still violated, and racial minorities suffer from such violations; but these latter are incomparably fewer than those of eighty years ago. From this standpoint Mr. Griffith is wholly justified when he terms Mazzini the "Prophet of Modern Europe."

But in this Europe which in its material features so closely resembles the Europe predicted by Mazzini, Mazzini would seek in vain for the moral features of his new humanity. The recognition of the principle of nationality, instead of producing a Europe morally united in the tasks of peace and labor seems to have plunged Europe into a turbid sea of brutal and intolerant national egotism. And amid the fierce antagonisms which stir the national states old and new, one against the other, the principle of nationality itself is threatened with shipwreck. For these antagonisms cannot fail to produce fresh wars; and fresh wars can only result in the breaking up of those national states that succumb under the weight of defeat. Thus Mazzini's doctrine of the right of nationality, in the hour of its most glamorous material victory, seems on the road to moral bankruptcy. And many readers of Mr. Griffith's book will smile at the statement that Mazzini is to be regarded and admired as the prophet of modern Europe.

On the other hand Europe must choose between two roads. She may go forward along the way traced by Mazzini, appease her nations with more courageous justice and link them in a league of nations, which would not only guarantee the *status quo,* but serve as the instrument for necessary and peaceful revisions; or she may continue the game of diplomatic contests and national strife till civilization is overthrown by a new war. In these circumstances, even more clearly than in the past, national sentiment dissociated from sentiment of international union becomes barbarous and maleficent. Mazzini's teaching never has been so significant and so highly expressive as today.

Writing after the excellent biography of Mazzini published by Mr. Bolton King in 1902, Mr. Griffith has been able to take advantage of all the material that has come to light during the last thirty years. He has used this material with diligence and intelligence. His judgment is never that of a blindly fanatic admirer, though a cooler examination might sometimes have led him to opinions less favorable to the hero of the study. The book is written in a lively, warm, and expressive style. No one who reads it will waste his time. In this accurate and honest interpretation of a fairminded and able biographer he will learn to know the most noble man that Italy produced in the nineteenth century.

* *

Gaetano Salvemini, historian, recently analyzed Fascism for Mr. Schmalhausen's symposium, "Recovery Through Revolution."

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HUMANISM—AND OTHER CHANGES

IN the Spring of 1930 the new Humanism was rampant in New York. *The Phœnician* avoided as much as possible the pother, contenting himself with remarking:

Bid me to live and I will live thy Humanist to be,
But bid me love and I will give an Inner Check to thee!

That year we did right by the *Van Dorens*, the elder of whom valiantly contested the Humanists in open forum assembled; for we printed a portion of Carl's great biography of Swift and also a portion of Mark's excellent narrative poem, "Jonathan Gentry." Likewise we discovered a new poet named *Edward Doro*, (the name is rather similar!) two of whose highly original works, "Tonight in Philadelphia" and "The Boar and Shibboleth," caused us much enthusiasm. Late this summer Alfred Knopf is bringing out his first book of poems under the latter title.

In the month of February 1931 *The Saturday Review* spread before its subscribers a page-list of its principal reviewers in all fields, the Arts, Belles Lettres, Finance and Economics, Foreign Literature, Drama, Education, History and Biography, and so on. The list was impressive. In June of that year we instituted a literary charade contest called "Pegasus Perplexing," the charades being the work of that master of this form of riddle, *Dean Le Baron Russell Briggs* of Harvard. This contest closed in September. Some remarkable long poems that we published in 1931 were *Paul Eaton Reeve's* "Auto-da-Fé," *Theodore Morrison's* "Defense of Poesie," *Robert P. Tristram Coffins's* page poem, "The Schooling of Richard Orr," and "Orion" by *Aldous Huxley*. And then, in October, we came to the fundamental style change that has characterized *The Saturday Review* ever since. As Mr. Morley put it, in the issue of October 10, 1931 (the first under the new dispensation) in a poem called "On a Change of Style,"

"We're changing our format," the Manager said:
"We'll drop you to 8-point and double the lead,
And give you a monotype Garamont head.

"A 4-column page, type of uniform size,
Is a legible treat to the customer's eyes
And appeals to the publishers who advertise."

Guy Pène Du Bois, the distinguished American artist, began to do satirical drawings for us on literary themes, and, in November, *Katherine Ulrich*, who had made an extraordinary success of the Junior Literary Guild, took charge of our "Children's Bookshop." *Mr. Morley's* "Human Being" began to follow his "John Mistletoe" in *The Bowling Green*. But the most important contribution we printed that fall was a review by *Thomas W. Lamont* of *Hjalmar H. G. Schacht's* "The End of the Reparations." This came at the close of October, and all the newspapers of New York were agog over its release, as it discussed the Reparations at a moment when unofficial international conferences were being held in Washington.

1932 HIGH SPOTS

The high spots of 1932 are, in my opinion, an examination in January of the Cheney Survey of the Book Industry, by *Robert S. Lynd*, one of the authors of "Middletown"; *Archibald MacLeish's* address "To the Young Men of Wall Street," in the same issue; *Sir Norman Angell*, in February; *Ben Ray Redman's* article based on *Rush's* analysis of the answers from over 1400 book-buyers to our questionnaire as to whether publishers' advertising was "Leading or Misleading"; (*George Oppenheimer*, of the Viking Press, wrote for us further on this topic); *John Dewey's* examination of *Oswald Spengler's* theories, in March; "O'Neill and Aeschylus," by *John Corbin*, end of April; "Art, Beauty, and Balderdash," by *Branch Cabell*, in June; the discussion of *Jan Welzl's* "Thirty Years in the Golden North" by *Stefannson* and *Capek* in July; the anonymous article "You Publishers," the end of the same month; "Why . . . Should I Care?" by *Pearl S. Buck*, in August; extracts from *D. H. Lawrence's* letters in the same month; but most notable of all from the standpoint of journalism, *Christopher Morley's* "Notes on a Visit to the White House," an interview with *President Hoover* on the subject of what he read, which we printed the end of last September. We followed it with another interview by *Hendrik Willem Van Loon* on "What *Governor Roosevelt* Reads," and with a letter to *Dr. Canby* from *Norman Thomas*, then the Socialist candidate for President, as to his own reading predilections. Following that, we gave you *Rebecca West* on *Charlotte Brontë* and an excerpt from *T. E. Lawrence's* translation of "The Odyssey" which was attracting great attention. Meanwhile, the department "News From the States" had been started, and I began to review a few of the current plays from a literary point of view, as Mr. Sayler had far more worthily done before me. The latest business reorganization of *The Saturday Review* occurred over a year ago, in the thick of the depression, viz: June 15, 1932. *Dr. Canby*, in addition to his duties as editor, then assumed the office of Chairman of the Board and *Noble Cathcart* became President and Treasurer of the Company. *Amy Loveman* was elected to the office of Secretary. In 1933, may I remind you particularly of *John Corbin's* illuminating essays upon *George S. Kaufman* and *Noel Coward*, of *Robert E. Sherwood's* gorgeous satirical "poem," "Inaugural Parade," of *Arthur Ruhl's* "Finding of the Snark," and *Mr. Canby's* own commemoration of *Galsworthy*?

AND NOW, IN THIS YEAR—

I began this chronicle with the Ides of March— which, obviously, have *not* been prophetic of doom! We have passed many Marches since then, and many other months as well. And April, as a matter of fact, should be allotted its proper importance, for it was the exact middle of the April just past when a new name appeared upon the masthead of this journal, namely that of *John Chamberlain*, as Assistant Editor.

Of the two able additions to the staff of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *John Chamberlain* is the author of "Farewell to Reform," a study of Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Era, and resigned from the *New York Times* to become our assistant editor. He had been right hand man to *Donald Adams*, editor of the *Times Book Review*. *George Stevens*, erstwhile Vice President of the W. W. Norton Company, has joined our staff for the particular purpose of strengthening our circulation and advertising departments. *The Saturday Review* anticipated the active and progressive period sure to follow the breaking of the back of the Depression. Hence the reinforcements!

We now feel geared to the stirring days ahead, and are more fully equipped than ever for a thorough canvass of the field of contemporary literature. In this issue you will note certain new departures in format. You will see that our headings are now in roman, no longer in italic type, that the two-column heads are larger and that greater length is allowed to certain single-column heads. An inside editorial page, sometimes carrying more than one editorial, and pertinently illustrated, is another new feature. This allows us to display our leading reviews on the front page to better effect.

A good deal of nonsense is sometimes talked concerning "happy families" in editorial and other offices, but from long experience I can testify to how *The Saturday Review* staff pulls together and how, in the past, like all other organizations, it has faced certain crises with an *esprit de corps* of which it is modestly proud. To cover all angles of a profession and a business that has, in the twentieth century, become so enormously ramified as that of authorship and book-publishing, requires the best efforts of the best brains, and we feel that in our multifold reviewers and in a strengthened editorial and business staff we can now meet any requirements.

Above all *The Saturday Review of Literature* has always stood and will continue to stand for two main principles (1.) The reviewing of books by the most expert and authoritative opinion possible, without fear, favor, or influence. (2.) The judicious encouragement of new writers and all outstanding talent that comes to its attention. On the other hand its recognition of the necessity for experimentation in literature will not be colored by the propaganda of new cliques or schools. As detached a viewpoint as is humanly possible will be maintained both toward the work of established reputations and the work of reputations still in the making.

So I close this brief survey, and drop the mantle of historian. Next week I return to *causerie*. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your kind attention!

Post War Germany

PEACE PATROL. By Lieut. Col. Stewart Roddie. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE years 1919-1926, through which Colonel Roddie's reminiscences wind their vivacious course, years of the lingering blockade and disarmament, of the inflation, the Kapp *putsch*, of "sanctions" and the Occupation of the Ruhr, were years of tragedy, of almost unbearable dismay and humiliation for the Germans, but to the officer who lived through them as one of the Olympians of the British Military Mission, they must already be looked back to as a sort of personal golden age.

He was thirty-five when that romantic seven years' experience began. The war was over so far as he was concerned, and for the moment, at least, well won. He was good-looking, well-bred, he danced, played the piano, spoke languages fluently, had all the graces of the more accomplished sort of diplomatic secretary. His uniform, when he wore it, his papers when he went in mufti, had all the magic powers of an Aladdin's lamp. He already knew Germany well, was a man of imagination and sympathy. To a people harassed and bewildered beyond words, any such Englishman appeared as a possible counterweight to the demands of the more intransigent French, as the symbol of a traditionally "sporting" and reasonable spirit, a straw to cling to, a possible way out. And whether by special assignment or in the natural course of his other duties, the engaging Englishman became a sort of liaison-officer between the British Royal Family and all their near relatives, the ex-kings and queens, grand-dukes, grand-duchesses, and what not, scattered not only over Germany but over all Europe. It is evident that Colonel Roddie both enjoys and has a gift for doing himself well and that he prefers the society of "people who matter."

He seems, indeed, to have liked almost everybody, unless, perhaps, Ludendorff and Hitler, and he even gives a touch of grotesque pathos to "poor old Ludendorff" as he leaves him, after their rather stormy interview in Munich, "still standing there in the cold, bare-headed and without an overcoat—looking at the mountains." Stresemann he regards as "the greatest, if not the *only* great politician of post-war times." Rathenau, in his last tragic days, Cuno, Stinnes, old General von Kluck, with his explanation of how the Marne might have been won, an American or two and a number of his own countrymen, these and many others are here, now seen directly and now through others' intimate letters.

Colonel Roddie seems to take to writing with the ease and relish with which he takes to life. We suspect that many readers of this unusually entertaining record will wish that he might be back in his old stamping grounds now, and in a position to explain, out of his unique background and with his sympathetic understanding of all sorts of Germans, just what this new Fascist Germany, which seems so ready to scrap the laborious accomplishments of the past dozen years, is all about!

Authors' Week, inaugurated a few years ago to help the Hungarian authors through a period of stress, has proved an unusual success this year. One hundred and twelve tents were erected in the thoroughfares of Budapest and in these tents prominent authors autographed their works, which were sold at reduced prices. The best seller this year proved to be "The Past Chimes," a novel by János Komáromi, one of the most original of modern Hungarian authors. Komáromi unites in his work the strength and simplicity of the agricultural class, from which he springs, and a delicate and polished technique which might be compared to that of the German author, Kellermann. Komáromi's best-known novel, "Hi, Kossacks!", has been translated into several foreign languages.

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

ALL I SURVEY. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead. 1933.

The familiar Chestertonian complex meets us on the first page of this, the twelfth or thirteenth volume of his essays and pursues us to the end in a succession of happy quarrels. If a man has to write a weekly essay, there is no stimulus so inexhaustible as disagreement. You have only to find someone or something to jump on. Every issue of a daily paper is full of them, if your disapproval of the age you live in is both inclusive and detailed. The paper reports that at a philanthropic meeting of the day before "a very famous political lady uttered the following words: 'We must care for other people's children as if they were our own.'" This scratches the match, and Mr. Chesterton blazes. "When I read these words I smote the table with my hand like one who has suddenly located and smashed a wasp. I said to myself:

> 'That's it! She's got it! She's got the exact correct formula for the worst and most poisonous of all the political wrongs that rot out the entrails of the world. That is what has wrecked democracy—that is what has taken away from the poor man the pride and honor of being the father of a household—she does not comprehend a word of the terrible sentence that she has spoken. But it is spoken. And the sentence that is spoken is this: "We, the rich, can take care of other people's children as if they were our own. As we have abolished their parents, they are all orphans."

Mr. Chesterton is an individualist. So are we. But it seems to us that the terrible sentence neither says nor implies anything of the kind. It says "care for," not "take care of." The poor lady meant that charity ought to be more personal and sympathetic, less coldly institutional. Possibly she was thinking of loving one's neighbors as one's self or of the Golden Rule. Why not blaze up over the Golden Rule, since it seems to assume that, what I like being the standard, other people must conform and like it too?

Another morning the same paper contains an editorial by one who has found a turnpike gate in some remote corner of England and is indignant. He calls it "A Relic of Medievalism." The slur on a relic of medievalism? Was not the printing press discovered by entirely medieval men, steeped in medieval ideas? But this is another tempest in a teapot. The poor man meant that a turnpike gate was an anachronism in England, where all public roads were supposed to be free. The obvious correction would be that there were more turnpike gates in eighteenth than in twelfth century England.

The story of our reactions to any contemporary author who is original is apt to show four successive phases, something as follows: 1, antagonism because the thing is strange; 2, enthusiasm, because the newness, now slightly less new, is agreeably still surprising; 3, the attractive peculiarities have begun to lose their flavor; comes a touch of boredom; we speak of mannerisms and limitations; we have learned his tricks; 4, the "first fine careless rapture" is never quite recovered, but we come back to a realization that the man is, or was, a real phenomenon and has made a contribution to our culture. The more distinct the man, the more discernible the phases. Mr. Chesterton is perhaps near the third. He is still agreeably surprising, but we seem to have "got onto his little ways." And even a glimpse of the fourth phase is in the offing, of a writer whom it is good to have read, and to read again.

Fiction

EVELYN PRENTICE. By W. E. Woodward. Knopf. 1933. $2.25.

Nowadays few readers will be shocked by a heroine who, although married to a man she loves and the mother of two children, indulges in adultery as an adventure, and commits a murder — and "gets away with it" unsuspected—but it needs skill to make her not merely plausible but capable of gaining the reader's sympathy. Mr. Woodward is an acute psychologist though he is artistically unostentatious about it. His presentation of Evelyn is an excellent study. Her incidental paramour, the handsome poetaster who is "an intrinsically shabby soul," and "at bottom . . . a gangster who had become entangled in a specious romanticism," is also well done. One is not so sure about the middle-aged, lawyer husband; he is possible enough, but has something the air of having been made to order. But there is no doubt at all as to the dramatic efficiency of the plot; it makes an unusually good story.

WEEPING CROSS. By Henry Longan Stuart. Dial. 1933. $2.

This book was first published in 1908, and has long been out of print. It has always had its devotees among readers, we are told, and has now been reissued as a result, partly, of the interest of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks. It is an historical novel, written in the first person, telling of the adventures of a Roman Catholic sent to the New England colonies by Cromwell as a bondservant. The chief narrative interest is provided by the hero's love for his master's wife, a love that is made doubly difficult and painful by his religious scruples and his servile, and indeed almost criminal, position in that society. There are also other incidents; the book contains the Long Meadow Indian massacre, which was at the time attributed to the Jesuits.

The tone of the book is religious and inward. The renunciation which its implications advocate was perhaps not to the taste of our civilization in 1908, and is undoubtedly less so now, but the author is unquestionably sincere, and often moving in his sincerity. The picture of colonial New England is a fine and illuminating one, showing the Pilgrim Fathers from a new, but probably quite fair, point of view; and the style of the narration is a really remarkable reconstruction of an earlier habit of thought.

FIVE DAYS. By Eric Hatch. New York: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $2.

This light summer novel ran as a short serial in *Liberty*. It is neither as outrageous as the novels of Thorne Smith nor so uproariously funny as the work of P. G. Wodehouse. It has a dash of both, deals suavely with the moneyed class, projects a burglar and a shanty girl into the society of a "social tiger" and a bishop, and shakes up the mixture into a satisfactory hot weather cocktail. You can read the story with practically no effort at all. Beadelston Preece, the hero, is thoroughly likable, and the dénoûement of mild heroism is engaging. Young Mr. Hatch is a rather graceful writer.

History

THE STUART PRETENDERS. By Sir Charles Petrie. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $3.50.

Proper Jacobitism in a very mild, romantic, and decadent form still survives in some parts of England, but its old vigorous spirit has long been dead. It has its descendants, however, as Sir Charles Petrie points out in this book, among the followers of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. De Valera, principally among those reactionaries who always oppose with passionate vehemence all that smacks of Whiggism and Liberalism. It has left its mark upon English history and life, not directly, but by a constant nourishing of the principles of monarchy and of the ideals of hereditary authority. It is with this ideal Jacobitism that Sir Charles principally occupies himself: its origin, its history, and its effect upon the changing texture of social England. He makes out a good case for its benefits without at any point vitiating his arguments by mad partisanship. But this is not all, nor by any means the most pleasant part, of what he does. He tells the story of all the Pretenders from James II himself to Cardinal York with a great deal of vivid learning and with an ease of understanding and a delicious irony of phrase that keep the reader continuously entertained. The best things in his book are the character studies of each of the Pretenders; they are admirable pieces of delineation that recall some of the most famous of Lord Clarendon's "characters."

LIBERTY—THE STORY OF CUBA. By Horatio S. Rubens. Harcourt, Brace.

Mr. Horatio Rubens happily possessed the training and the traits of character that meant success in a Legal Adviser to a Revolution! He held two degrees in science and was an engineer-lawyer. Even more valuable, he had served his apprenticeship under Root, shrewdest lawyer of his day; Rubens's tutelage under Root later helped him extricate himself and his Cuban friends from many a difficulty that seemed hopeless. In short, Rubens was ideally equipped to assist Martí and the other leaders of the revolutionary Junta in New York settle the variegated problems, technical, legal, and extra-legal, incidental to directing an exceptionally bitter and bloody revolution, whether the question had to do with building and testing a dynamite gun, or rescuing shipments of men and war supplies from the tangles of American neutrality laws.

"Liberty" is the story of Mr. Rubens's adventures, from the time of his early association with Martí to the raising of the Cuban flag over Morro Castle in 1902. The book will be a delight to retrospective Americans of forty or over. As one turns the pages one sees march across the stage the men great and small, heroic and contemptible, noble and mean, who had a part in Cuba's blow for freedom. There are Americans in the parade. But the chief actors were the Cubans themselves.

There was Martí himself, poet and critic, a great heart in a frail body, who had felt the Spanish lash across his shoulders when as a schoolboy he had been condemned to servitude in a Spanish quarry, who quixotically and foolishly gave his life in battle to disprove the infamous charge that he sent others to Cuba to die but himself remained safe in New York. And Maximo Gomez, by birth a Santo Dominican but at heart as much a Cuban as any of them, the "Chinaman," as some of his Cuban idolators called him (behind his back), the "old fox" as the Spaniards named him, who with never more than twenty thousand scantily equipped troops —often he had to capture cartridges from the Spaniards in order to fight—outmaneuvered and outfought Spain's 180,000 regulars from 1895 until, with the war almost won in 1898, the United States took a hand.

These were some of the great leaders. There was Rubens himself, who then and since has been wise counselor and unselfish friend of Cuba. Others were General Emilio Nunez; Mario Menocal, engineer graduate of Cornell, polished man of the world, efficient staff officer of Gomez, and, later President of the Republic he had helped found; José Miguel Gomez, jovial, beloved, whose indisputable weaknesses were more than overbalanced by his virtues; and finally, Gerardo Machado, too young during the revolution to achieve to high power and who is now the not very happy President of a Cuba prostrated by an indefensively high American sugar tariff.

The chief fault of the book is its organization, which can be described as nothing less than heterogeneous. The narrative surges along, carrying half a dozen threads at a time. However, one's interest never lags, and perhaps Mr. Rubens was wise in not separating his threads. Such a story as this might well be spoiled if made too orderly. The lack of an index will be a disappointment to historians.

Society

NO NICE GIRL SWEARS. By Alice-Leone Moats. Knopf. 1933.

Miss Moats, with the cry of "Let's face it," has looked on the social world of today and, with no pretense or glossing over, has passed on to us her rules for very modern etiquette. She is brisk and gay. According to her, there are still a few rules left which should be followed, but on the whole one must depend more on an "innate sense of the fitness of things" and a certain amount of kindness and thoughtfulness to be accepted socially.

This is an amusing little book, wavering between what you would expect to find in an advice to the lovelorn column and the more usual type of book on manners. As the author herself says, it is growing increasingly difficult to know where etiquette ends and ethics begin. She skips jauntily from what to write on a photograph you are giving to your beau to what to call your husband in public, and on through débutante dinners and balls, what to do and not to do as a week-end guest, ending with the chapter "Our Plastered Friends," which describes all too realistically the different types of inebriates and prescribes how a girl can get herself home with the least trouble with such a companion. One point here hardly substantiates her earlier brief for thoughtfulness and kindness. She says "When your escort passes out in a public place, waste no time worrying over him. Get up and leave quickly; take a taxi home. He will find his way home somehow when he

(*Continued on page* 698)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

S. H. S., Fort Lauderdale, Florida, says "the general subject for our club study this year is 'Masterpieces' and my program subject is 'Travel.' Please give me a list of books on travel that are masterpieces, or at least a list of worthwhile books, old or recent.

AN arisotcrat among travel books is one that gives the reader a sense of being not only in its country but in possession of it—responsive not only to its distinctive melody but to its undertones and overtones. This sense may be an illusion: Ibañez introduces in one of his novels a Frenchman happily going through Spain seeing only what he had already found in the works of Victor Hugo. But if it is communicated with such skill and expressed with such mastery of language that it ranks as literature, it belongs among masterpieces of this type.

Some books belong to this aristocracy for the same reason that some families hold their places in the social hierarchy: they have been important for a long time. The first book to reach an eager public from a land hitherto unknown to it has a chance of long life and strong influence. How long it is since Marco Polo's travel book gave him the reputation of the world's best liar, and how long it was before later travellers triumphantly vindicated him! Yet there is life enough yet in the book to furnish forth Mr. O'Neill's "Marco Millions" for the Theatre Guild. The book may be a masterpiece on its own account, like Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," or a straightforward personal record like Stanley's "In Darkest Africa"; it will get into the lives of people and stay there. All the better for it if it gets also into literature, as "the still-vexed Bermoothes" reached "The Tempest" through eager reports of Elizabethan adventure. It may exercise a strong influence upon travel, as that peerless piece of company promotion, the narrative of Captain John Smith, set up in seventeenth century hearts the urge for North America. You cannot read it now without feeling the urge to go there, even when you are there already. Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot" undoubtedly did much to turn our eyes toward continental Europe. The travel books of William Dean Howells and those of Edith Wharton have been ambassadors of good will.

I suppose most of us have found in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" more sheer entertainment value, more lasting library usefulness, than in any other American travel book. It belongs to the class whose interest is less in things seen than in their impact upon the traveller writing. My own preference is for his "Tramp Abroad," in which I read each year, with almost ritual regularity, the episode of the midnight walk around the German hotel bedroom and the priceless dissertation on the German language. The heart of Boswell's account of Dr. Johnson's journey to the Hebrides is not the country but what Dr. Johnson said and thought of it. The world goes on buying Lindbergh's "We," and young people entering the teens keep on naming it as their favorite travel book, for Lindbergh's sake and not the Atlantic's. Laurentians treasure "Sea and Sardinia" because it drew out D. H. Lawrence. Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" travels, but through a world of eighteenth century sensibility. R. L. Stevenson's travels are true in a deeper sense. Not to speak of his better-known inland travels, there is as much difference between his "Across the Plains," journalistic as it is, and any other account of crossing America by railway as between these and a railway folder.

Loti and Hichens have both written travel books, but the public continues to arrange its tours less on these than on "Mme. Chrysantheme" and "The Garden of Allah." I have yet to read a dull book about the exploration of either Pole, but Stefansson's "The Friendly Arctic" seems to me the one that most changed the public mind about these parts. The travel books of Viscount Bryce are read for solid information of lasting value, lucidly expressing the effect of a country upon a judicial mind. If I may, so to speak, nominate from the floor a couple of candidates not so likely to be on official tickets, they would be Bone's "The London Perambulator" (Knopf) and Montaigne's "Journal in Italy" published here in English by Harcourt, Brace. The former has more of the spirit of its subject than any other London book; the latter is an actual diary, by no means meant for publication and perhaps all the better for showing how an indomitable spirit can ride over rough travel and illness that might have kept many a man at home.

But when all's said, I still think novels do more for a place or even a country than actual travel books. Not even that undoubted masterpiece of travel literature, Henry Adams's "Mont St. Michel and Chartres" so moved me with the determintion to see Chartres for myself as Huysmans' "The Cathedral"—a novel one may take through Chartres like a guidebook extra strong on details of ecclesiastical architecture and symbolism. Osbert Sitwell in "The Man Who Lost Himself" (Coward-McCann)—itself a fine guide to the Alhambra and environs—describes the deference shown by the chief hotel there to the hero of this novel, whose best sellers had sent them so many tourists. If hotel keepers could afford an eye to the future they would encourage, to the point of grubstaking, bright young men with novels in their systems, in the hope that they would get these out in their inns—later, in consequence, to wear a tablet and sport stars in Baedeker. Look at the effect of Dickens on The Angel at Bury or The White Horse at Ipswich—where to this day they show the bedroom occupied by the middle-aged lady in curlpapers and unwittingly invaded by Mr. Pickwick. Indeed, if I could give but one bit of advice to anyone intending to go about England in the right spirit, I would tell him to read "Pickwick Papers" and then go anywhere, anywhere at all, in that frame of mind.

THREE readers came promptly to the assistance of *H. DuP. C., University of* Pennsylvania, who asked for lost poems. Helen Nicolay, daughter of the famous Lincoln biographer and herself a trustworthy writer for young people about him, asks from Washington, D. C., if the inquirer is sure of the title of "Old Stacomack the Medicine Man." "I used to be very fond," she says, "of 'Old Tuscumick, Medicine Man,' though I have not thought of him in years. Perhaps I do not remember all of it, but I think I do, since it belongs to the style of literature in which asterisks tell the important part of the story. It began:

Old Tuscumick, Medicine Man,
Lived on goose and pickled clam.
Goose and Clam were all his diet;
Nothing else could keep him quiet.
He lived on a tree as high as the moon
And fed himself with a silver spoon.
All the Indians, miles around,
Squatted themselves upon the ground,
Warriors, squaws and little papooses,
To see him feed on clams and gooses.
* * * * * * * * *
Naughty Indian, Old Tuscumick;
Naughty man, to spoil his stomach!

Miriam C. Berry, of Houghton Mifflin, says that one of her friends has in her repertory a fetching doggerel about a lady and a pig, and sends the words as she has heard them sung to a simple tune. "It is particularly good," she adds, "when another person takes the part of the pig."

Once a lady loved a pig.
"Honey," said she,
"Darling swine, will you be mine?"
"Oink," said he.

"I will build you a silver pen,
Honey," said she,
"You shall be my sweetheart then."
"Oink," said he.

"You shall be my honey-lamb,"
"Honey," said she,
"Then I'll cut you up for ham."
"Oink," said he.

W. B. Irvine, Brooklyn, has a slightly different version:

There was a lady loved a swine
"Honey," said she;
"Pig Hog, wilt thou be mine"
"Hunc," said he.

"I'll build thee a silver sty,
Honey," said she.
"And in it, thou may'st lie."
"Hunc," said he.
"Pinned with silver pin, etc.
That thou may'st go out and in, etc."

"Oh wilt thou have me now,
Honey," said she;
"Speak or my heart will break."
"Hunc," said he.

"This rhyme may be found in either a book called 'The Baby's Opera' or 'The Baby's Bouquet,' both illustrated very charmingly by Walter Crane. They are not out of print as far as I know.

"I was brought up on the rhyme about Ping Wing, but know only one verse:

Ping Wing the Pieman's Son
Was the very worst boy
In all Canton.
He ate his mother's pickled mice
And threw the cat
In the boiling rice,
And when he'd eaten her, said he,
"Me wonder where that
Miaou-cat be"

"I never saw it printed; it was just a rhyme my mother told me."

M. V., *San Francisco, Cal., is seeking poems on daffodils and would be grateful for assistance in the search.* Beyond the immortal Wordsworth address—bound to come to mind every time one comes upon the flower in a spring breeze, so that the "heart with rapture fills and dances with the daffodils," and beyond Herrick's

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attained his Noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the Even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

—beyond these, I say, and general advice to consult Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse," where nature poems are conveniently classified, I can go no further, so far from anything but memory. So if readers will send M. V. further titles I will forward them, not having space enough for reprinting here.

V. T. E., *Shreveport, La.,* sends in a note on *fauxdauphinomanie,* referring to "that old thriller of our 'teen ages, 'Lazarre,' by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, where the lost dauphin, turned backwoodsman, like Shelley in 'The Orphan Angel,' nobly decides that he prefers cabin to kingdom. Then there's 'The King' in 'Huck Finn,' who represented himself as the Dauphin."

M. G. C., *Webster Groves, Mo.* ,sends to *O. E. W., Gambier,* who is making choice of books for a young French student's introduction to modern English, five titles, saying: "The reading of youth always touches my heart and from that period of my life I recall several things that influenced me greatly . . . The matter is as good as it is beautiful: 'Cranford,' by Mrs. Gaskell; 'Marius the Epicurian,' by Walter Pater; 'Youth and Life,' by Randolph Bourne; and 'Old Chester Tales,' by Margaret Deland. I have recently tried these on my own sons, and although Marius was a little too undefiled for them they admitted its beauty." I too remember when a first reading of "Marius the Epicurian" lit up my youth like a Spring sunrise. However, some seasons later I read "Marius in Sloane Street," one of the priceless "Playthings and Parodies," of Barry Pain, and to this day it is by the parody and not the original that I keep Marius in mind.

H. B., *New York, desires several books of a popular nature on Africa in general, and one each for Central and East Africa.* For general travel books, "Across Africa on Foot," by R. A. Monson (Dodd, Mead), "Africa from Port to Port," by M. Mott-Smith (Van Nostrand), and "Living Africa," by B. Willis (McGraw). They are popular enough to interest anyone, and also reliable. I found R. St. B. Baker's "Men of the Trees" (Dial) so interesting that I put it in. For Central Africa, P. L. Hoefler's "Africa Speaks" (Winston); for East Africa, Carl and Mary Akeley's "Adventures in the African Jungle" (Dodd, Mead).

One may combine biography and history with the new life of Henry M. Stanley by Jakob Wassermann: "Bula Matari: Stanley, Conqueror of a Continent" (Liveright). It has the lift and drive of a lifelong enthusiasm for its hero's character and work.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

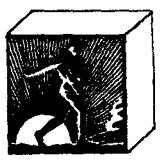
☞Other contributors to this periodical review books: Quercus gets the by-products of publishing. For the past week the publishers' fall catalogues have been coming in, and the Quercus Associates have been sitting up nights to do them justice. The result, based on the first round dozen of catalogues to arrive, takes the form of *The Catalogue Roller*, and is printed at the bottom of these columns. ☞This device perhaps needs a word of explanation. All publishers are included whose fall catalogues have reached us to date; those which come in later may have the benefit of a second edition. The scoring represents the actual count of the various items which the Quercus Associates looked for in the catalogues: all the columns but the last two are objective and unimpassioned. Big Names mean books by authors known for one or more previous best sellers; Dark Horses mean books by unknown authors for whom the publishers seem to have unusual expectations. These categories perhaps hit only the high spots; it was impossible to classify or include many books, some run-of-the-mill, some good: books by authors of standing but not outstanding, books of interest in specialized fields, by authors more or less known, are not included.

☞Quercus regrets that certain interesting features of the catalogues cannot be reduced to figures. For instance, the heavy black borders on the pages of Knopf's catalogue, which look as if the firm is in mourning for the book business. Also the very convenient and readable arrangement of the Morrow catalogue, whereby reader, bookseller, or librarian can find what he wants to know with the least sidetracking. Likewise worthy of note is the masterful description, by Putnams, of Ethel M. Dell's place in the book business; also the interesting arrangement, by Knopf, of short announcements and long descriptions, suggesting the influence of the English publisher Gollancz. ☞Quercus is happy to report that most of the lists look good, and mark an advance over the output of the last few seasons. If you are on the publishers' mailing lists, you will enjoy looking the catalogues over. (In writing to publishers for this purpose, please mention Trade Winds.—Advt.)

☞Noteworthy among current and forthcoming books is the wave of mammoth fiction. *Anthony Adverse* has already appeared, to confute the prediction that bookstores will be superseded by Circulating Libraries; here is one novel so long that most readers will find it cheaper to buy than to rent. Other imminent three-deckers in one volume include *Three Cities* by Sholom Asch (Putnam) and two John Day books: *Livingstones* by Derrick Leon, and Pearl Buck's translation of *All Men Are Brothers*. Not to mention the possible appearance this fall of Joyce's *Ulysses* under the Random House imprint.

☞Quercus is puzzled by a note from Little, Brown, quoting from *World Panorama*, by George Seldes: "A certain Milanese editor wrote a headline, 'Welcome to President Wilson in the name of the traditional ties of democracy.' But a typographical error made it read, "traditional lies of democracy.' It was a portent. The writer of the headline was Benito Mussolini." What Quercus would like to know is when Italian newspapers began to run their headlines in English.

☞Querci Senior and Junior welcome the reappearance in the book pages, after a year's absence, of that column of commercial candor, The Inner Sanctum; and both are glad to report that it has inspired one of our readers to verse. Mr. Arthur W. Bell of Falmouth, Mass., has meditated upon The Inner Sanctum's report of sales of Van Loon's *Geography*, together with the statement in that book of the possibility of packing the human race into a box and dumping us all into the Grand Canyon. Mr. Bell, a mathematician (he drew the picture as well as writing the poem) puts the two ideas together with the following result:



BOX POPULI

A trade wind from a different quarter

By calculation orthodox,
Van Loon has packed the race
Inside a half-mile cubic box
And launched it into space.

His publishers distributed
(Or will have very soon)
For every fifteen thousand head
One copy of Van Loon.

The reading Homo Sap and rube,
With their sap wives as well,
Within a thirty-six-yard cube
Could thus be dashed to hell.

Of self-importance long obsessed,
Mankind, I will allow,
Seems trivial when thus compressed;
But "Little Man, What Now?"

☞But as students of geography Messrs. Simon and Schuster mustn't locate the Maruzen Company, famous Japanese booksellers, in *Shanghai*—as they did in a recent *Publishers' Weekly* advt. ☞The biggest single order the book trade has had in quite a while was placed by the U. S. Government with the American News Company. Over $70,000 worth of books were ordered for the reforestation camps: 60 each of approximately 1,000 fiction titles, for the 60 travelling libraries which will go round from camp to camp; and technical books on trees, birds, flowers, botany, forestry, etc., for the permanent camp libraries.

☞Whoever told Quercus that Uel W. Lamkin is Carl Laemmle's secretary, was wrong. Ward Edwards writes from Warrensburg, Mo.:—"Uel W. Lamkin is nobody's secretary: he is President of the State Teachers College at Maryville, Mo. His name was to have been Samuel, but when he came he was twins. The name was divided, and one boy was called Sam and the other Uel.

☞Probably the first time the humble pretzel ever found itself used in a bookstore window display was in one of Mr. Einar Skoglund's ingenious arrangements at Putnam's lately, when toy mugs and small (but *echt*) pretzels were used to accompany a book called *Born in a Beer Garden*. ☞Mr. O'Malley, the veteran bookseller of Columbus Avenue, is now well set in his new shop at number 312, near 75th Street. Loyal to his tradition he shows in his window a fine copy of *Irish Heraldry*, which shows the coats of arms (in colors) of 1,100 proud Irish families.

The CATALOGUE ROLLER

(By QUERCUS ASSOCIATES)

Publisher	Big Names	Dark Horses	Extravagant Predictions	Superlatives	English Endorsements	Understatements	Blurbs that Click	Books Quercus Would Bet On
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN	14	3	1	7	0	0	3	9
HARCOURT, BRACE	8	5	0	1	0	1	7	6
HARPERS	10	7	2	2	7	2	3	9
HOLT	1	2	1	0	4	0	2	1
KNOPF	7	2	1	5	2	0	5	5
LITTLE, BROWN	7	3	0	4	1	0	2	7
MACMILLAN	9	5	0	3	6	0	4	7
MINTON, BALCH	1	1	1	4	0	0	2	3
MORROW	2	7	1	2	1	0	12	4
NORTON	1	1	0	0	0	0	3	1
PUTNAM	2	3	0	2	2	1	4	3
VIKING	4	2	0	0	1	0	1	4

The New Books

(*Continued from page 696*)

comes to or has been thrown out by the management." However, this may be where the "innate sense of the fitness of things" comes in.

Travel

RUSSIA DAY BY DAY. A Travel Diary by Corliss and Margaret Lamont. Covici-Friede. 1933. $2.

The six weeks' tour which young Mr. and Mrs. Lamont made in Russia did not differ, so far as its itinerary was concerned, from that of many other foreigners who have made summer visits to the U.S.S.R. They saw Leningrad, Moscow, the Volga cities, and returned via the Caucasus, Black Sea, Dnieperstroi, and Kiev. But both are "socially-minded"—Mr. Lamont is the socialistic son of Thomas Lamont, of J. P. Morgan and Co., while his wife was formerly associated with the *Survey*—and they were able to utilize their time and opportunities better than many tourists.

Their little book, literally a day-to-day travel diary, is interesting, and granting a certain predisposition toward seeing the brighter sides of the Russian revolution, their observations are intelligent and reasonably objective. If occasional rather brusque remarks will shock the bourgeois mind, as when, for instance, they suggest that the priests' hats, now found for sale in Moscow antique shops, "turned upside down, make very useful and intriguing scrap-baskets," or point out that "the propaganda against God is always tied up with other superstitions such as the idea of immortality," is is also true that they find occasional things that are not altogether rosy, and even the optimistic Lamonts were impressed with the ease which they could buy plenty of good, inexpensive food once they had crossed the border into Poland.

On checking up the impressions of those who went over and came back with them in the same ship, they found that, as a rule, initial notions were strengthened by the visit. The "pro's" had become more "pro," the "anti's" more "anti." Youth has a good deal to do with it. In general, they feel that the direction, the promise, of Soviet life is upward, "while elsewhere in the world the direction seems to them downward and the problems those of decay." In history, there have been many new worlds, and America was "once such a world. But the new world of the *twentieth* century is the Soviet Union. And no one who is seriously interested in the progress of the human spirit can afford to miss it."

On page 256, the Lamonts say that "Socialism in America might in rather short order provide every family with the equivalent of a $25,000 annual income." Do they really mean that, or do they mean that socialism might provide everybody with the equivalent of the annual income on $25,000?

Latest Books Received

ART

Greek Art. A. Fairbanks. Longmans. $1.75.

BELLES LETTRES

Academic Illusions. M. Schütze. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $3. *Contemporary Opinion.* Ed. K. B. Taft, J. F. McDermott, and D. O. Jensen. Houghton. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

Charles Dickens's Letters to Charles Lever. Harv. Univ. Pr. $1.50. *Kitchen Prelude.* P. Hamp. Dut. $2.50. *Letters of Susan Hale.* Ed. C. P. Atkinson. Houghton. $4. *Richard of Bordeaux.* G. Davlot. Little. $2. *Knockmaroon.* W. M. Letts. Dut. $2.50. *Pink Parade.* J. B. Booth. Dut. $4.

FICTION

Carr. P. Bentley. Macmil. $2. *Once They Were Rich.* D. L. Murray. Dut. $2. *The Lord of Life.* Neil Bell. Little. $2. *Once Again in Chicago.* M. H. Woody. King. $2. *Jeremiah and the Princess.* E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little. $2. *Vanity Fair.* W. M. Thackeray. Modern Library. 95 cents. *Five Days.* E. Hatch. Little. *Grey Cottage.* G. McPherson. Macmil. $2. *Millionaire Playboy.* T. Boggs. Vanguard. $2.

INTERNATIONAL

Effects of the War on Economic and Social Life in Finland. Leo Harmaja. Yale. *Russia Day by Day.* C. and M. Lamont. Covici-Friede. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

John Barleycorn. D. Poling. Winston. $1.50. *The Bahá'í World.* 1930-1932. New York: Bahá'í Put. Com. *An Introduction to Library Science.* P. Butler. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $1.50. *Angels and Amazons.* I. H. Irwin. Doubleday. $2.50. *Wasted Womanhood.* C. Cowdroy. Metuchen, N. J.: Heartman. *The American Federation of Labor.* L. L. Lorwin. Brookings. $2.75. *Jocasta's Crime.* L. Raglan. Dut. $2.25. *Yachts Under Sail.* Morrow. $3. *Ninety-Nine Days.* Ben Duffy and H. Powell. Harp. 99 cents. *Without Music.* D. Fiske. New York: Chatham Press. $3.50. *How to See Beasts.* E. F. Daglish. Morrow. $1.50. *Health and Environment.* E. Sydenstricker. McGraw-Hill. $2.50. *Forestry: An Economic Challenge.* A. N. Pack. Macmil. $1.25.

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Nose-count

NO census of the number of book-collectors in the United States has ever been attempted. Three years ago the government set what might become a precedent for counting anything by asking everybody if he owned a radio, so there is room for speculation whether in 1940 Washington will be eager to find out how many of us have firsts of "The Scarlet Letter" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We already have a collector President, and sizeable collecting blocs could be organized in Senate and House alike—it is heartening to know that progress is being made in at least one commendable department of human endeavor. A bookseller's estimate of the extent of the collecting population is as good as anyone's but no better. Some professionals have put the figure as low as 2,500, others as high as 25,000. These extremes leave enough of an interval to suit every statistical taste. Amateur observers of the collecting scene have expressed astonishment at the disparity, but it is easily explained. The bookseller does not care particularly how many collectors exist—his concern is with the number who know that he exists and help him keep on existing.

Vacuum

Garrets are not what they used to be. In the decade following the war they were all but unroofed by the zeal of the dealer in antiques and the book scout, operating individually or in partnership. Not all the "Moby-Dicks" and "Leaves of Grass" have been brought to light—occasional treasure trove will still be dug out, but the hunting will never be what it once was. At first thought one regrets this condition—another romantic bubble has been punctured, another musty tradition asepticized. But there are compensations. It will be possible in a few years—it is to a certain extent possible now—to estimate with some accuracy the floating supply of important desiderata. Floating will hardly be the word, for the supply will be safely at anchor on collectors' shelvees, to emerge only when the books are sold to other bibliophiles or become units in perpetual institutional collections.

Paradise

Auction cataloguers legitimately make a great to-do in describing an item of which five copies are known whereof four are in permanent public or semi-public collections, but every auction-house executive shudders none the less at mention of an institutional collection. The endowed library is an insatiable maw into which is fed valuable literary property that can never again be vended. An auctioneer's heaven would be a spot peopled solely by a multitude of wealthy raveners for an uncut and inscribed quarto Hamlet who acquired it successively, each dying of heart failure (or anything else) the following week after drawing up a will specifying that his books be dispersed at public sale.

Gauge

There has not been a run on a rare-bookshop in ever so long, but good titles are not going begging. They still change hands, though at considerable recessions from pre-slump tops (Wall Street for lots cheaper). The bookseller does not complain so lustily as one might suppose. In fat years and lean (but especially in lean) he is accustomed to fix prices on the basis of cost rather than by the barometer of the auction-room or the quotations of Competitors X, Y, and Z.

Frustration

There are unlicensed and undeclared bibliographers who bury suppositious points as a dog buries a bone. The advantage, moral and hygienic, is with the dog, who early digs up the bone and exposes it to dephosphorizing sunshine. The suppositious point cannot always endure the sunshine. There is the instance of the point hoarder who discovered that in line 17 of page 100 (what an elementary folio to remember!) of "The Good Earth" the phrase "flees to a dog's back" (our old boneburier, perhaps) was soon corrected to "fleas to a dog's back," and kept his knowledge to himself until he learned elsewhere that his point was no point.

Benefit

A collector of his contemporaries said: "These hard times, if I may addle a metaphor, have their silver linings. I am no longer on any sucker list; in nearly four years no one has offered to let me in on the ground floor of Graustark Internal Improvement 7s (payment of principal and interest guaranteed from snuff tax receipts); in the same lapse of time I have not been invited (by telephone) to become a member of the West 41st Street Gymnastic, Schiller, and Anti-Thyroid Association (handball and squash courts—tenbit lunch daily. . . ."

⁂ ⁂

The superb Lincoln collection of John S. Little of Rushville, Illinois, will be dispersed at auction by Chicago Book & Art Auctions, Inc., during the week of June 5th. The collection totals some 900 items, many of the printed lots being choice association and presentation copies. It is particularly rich in pedigreed books from such famous libraries as the Hart, Burton, McAleenan, and Lambert collections. Nearly all the great Lincoln collections formed in the last half century have already been either scattered by public or private sale or made over to institutions, and the Little sale may well be the last public offering of great Lincolniana.

⁂ ⁂

One certain delight awaits readers of these books, the delight of discovering the myriad powers residing in the association of words. Most people do not know a really effective way of expressing even an utterly simple thought. We are shamed morons from birth. These books will prove a great cure for that. W.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
KINGDOM OF DEATH *Margery Allingham* (Crime Club: $2.)	Protection of Suffolk family birthright involves the priceless Albert Campion in his most hair-raising and side-splitting adventure.	Believe it or not, this author makes witchcraft really exciting, a mythical kingdom really romantic, a mystery both thrilling and hilarious.	Swell!
WAS IT MURDER? *Glen Trevor* (Harpers: $2.)	Apparently accidental deaths of two English schoolboys arouse curiosity of two sleuths, one amateur, other from Scotland Yard.	Cold-blooded affair, with no hero, no heroine and lot of rather nasty characters but school background is well drawn and puzzle is diverting.	Fair

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal service to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent; tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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PLAYS for the Experimental Theatre by a youth who is not writing drawing-room comedy to be produced on a small stage. Box 194.

YOUNG MAN, 25, well educated, resourceful, healthy, will do anything anywhere. Box 195.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY tells of a glorious discovery, in June *Atlantic*, by Professor Hotson. I smile. Edward DeVere, who was "Shake-speare," died, 1604. Professor Hotson would have us believe that a person who signed "Wm Shakspe" and "William Shakspe" was the genius who wrote the pregnant lines about seals and signatures in "Hamlet." To my mind, Professor Hotson is all wet; as he is about "Marlowe." George Frisbee.

ROMANTIC impoverished College Instructor. Well known as poet. Unknown as novelist, playwright. Experienced as traveller, husband. 34, sound in wind and limb. Sanguine. Seeks adoption or livelihood. *"You're telling me."*

CHARMING, forsaken, would meet cultured young man. Depressionata.

Are There Any BOOKSELLERS in the Audience?

Late last fall, *The Saturday Review* inaugurated a Bookstore Department. The purpose of this department is to increase the effectiveness of *The Saturday Review* as a tool of the trade.

Preliminary activities of the Bookstore Department have been centered in New York, with certain definite results. Fifty-seven New York stores find it profitable to carry *The Saturday Review*. Sales of *The Saturday Review* in these stores have increased over 50% in six months. Most of the shops are using The Gold Standard, our ingenious device for displaying *The Saturday Review* together with a current book.

Bookstores carrying *The Saturday Review* have found that it makes new friends and new customers for the bookseller. Our Bookstore Department is full of ideas for book merchandising opportunities. For information on how *The Saturday Review* can make more book sales for you, write to

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REVIEWS

BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE —
"In the long line of books which in over seven years our committee has been proud to recommend, I know of none which has come closer to the most intimate vein of mingled mirth and grief."
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY in *The Book-of-the-Month Club News*

NOTHING BETTER —
"*Little Man, What Now?* is a profoundly satisfactory novel. Nothing better has come out of Germany since the war."
LEWIS GANNETT in *The New York Herald Tribune*

EVEN BETTER —
It is more powerful than *All Quiet* . . . and in its way an even better novel. It is a simple, sincere human document which makes the reader forget himself completely and live with the characters in the book.
Chicago Daily News

DEEP AND POIGNANT —
"So home to luncheon, and thenafter I read H. FALLADA'S *Little Man What Now?*, nor could I lay it down before I had finished it, it being an absorbing tayle of two pathetick, courageous, loving persons; and wrote with deep and poignant beauty."
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS in *The Conning Tower*

BOOKSELLERS here in New York tell us that no book in recent times has evoked so much whole-hearted enthusiasm as has *Little Man, What Now?* They compare it with some of the super best-sellers of other days, with *Main Street* and *Mr. Britling* — books that everyone read and thought about and talked about because they represented an age.

One astonishing thing about this book: while between 2,000 and 3,000 New Yorkers are buying *Little Man* every week, while some more are buying it in Chicago, and a few in Philadelphia, its circulation has hardly penetrated beyond these three cities.

THIS is a phenomenon which occurs only when a book appears which is entirely different from any other that has been published before. It is always New York City that first takes such a book to heart. We have seen this happen every time that we published a book that eventually became unusually popular. It happened in the case of *The Art of Thinking, The Story of Philosophy, Trader Horn, Men of Art, Bambi.* It happened even with lighter publications, such as *Believe it or Not* and the Cross Word Puzzle Books. And fellow publishers tell us that the same situation holds true every time they publish unusual books that are destined for big futures.

To return once more to the heading: *Little Man, What Now?* expresses and sums up our age, the early nineteen thirties. It was written in Germany where it is the most popular book since *All Quiet on the Western Front.* But it might have been written by a New Yorker or a Detroiter.

IT tells the simple story of the little man, of every man, everywhere.

Hans Pinneberg and his wife are two little human beings who love each other. He is a white collar clerk. He earns very little money. Still, he is happy with his wife. They have fun being together, and the first few months of married life are different — and exciting.

A baby comes, times are bad. Hans loses his job because he cannot keep up to the sales quota set by the efficiency expert in his department store.

It becomes harder and harder to get along. From pots and pans to doctor's bills, everything costs so much!

That is a very brief outline of the story. It can't begin to tell anything of the gayness of Bunny, of the young parents' concern before they discover that baby's crying is caused by his cutting his first tooth, of the bravery of the two, and of the humor and pathos of their daily lives.

Read the reviews over at the left. Each one attempted to tell the story, as we have, and gave up, having succeeded about as well. You have to read *Little Man, What Now?* yourself to understand why this simple story of simple folk has won the heart of one continent, and is winning the heart of another.

Price $2.50

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers
386 Fourth Avenue, New York City

HANS FALLADA'S LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

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